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WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

Years ago, the Thorn-apple tree,
Down in the meadow, was white with bloom,
And the sweet south wind as it whispered low
Told of the coming spring's perfume—

The lilac buds were bursting the cells
Where the chains of Winter had kept them long,
And the river that flashed back the sunset rays,
Sang in its freedom a triumph song.

And robins again from their olden haunts,
Told their gladness in loudest strain,
And one lone whippowil's plaintive voice
Floated afar with its sad refrain.

There, in the freshness of early spring,
In a glowing sunset of fragrant May,
You gave me a bough from the milk-white Thorn,
With a look I've treasured for many a day.

'Twas not the beauty of earth or air,
For years have passed with their bud and bloom,
And spring once more with its balmy breath,
Has filled the valley with soft perfume.

The purple slopes of the twilight hills
Are tinged with the sunset's golden glow,
And a far-off whippowil sings even now,
As in that spring-time of long ago.

Hill, vale, and river are still the same,
The waves laugh yet by the grassy shore,
And the robin that's sang there many a year,
Sings in the tree before my door.

But never a charm have the purple hills,
Or the laughing ripples along the shore;
And the singing birds, and the sunset sky,
Can thrill me with rapture now no more.

I see their beauty, but in my heart
One scene, one memory only abides—
A pleading face, with its tender glance,
Dearer than all the world besides.

And many a time in the years gone by,
I've rested under that Thorn-apple tree,
And with half closed eyelids and waiting breath,
Dreamed that soft glance was bent on me.

But I wake to feel the glory of earth
For me has vanished adown the stream—
The changing, turbulent stream of life;
And all that's left is indeed a dream.

Painted Post, N. Y.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Now, who was insane?—I? or Lady Chandos? or Hill? It seemed to me that it must be one of us, for assuredly all this savored of insanity. *What was it that ailed Lady Chandos?* That she was perfectly well in health, I felt persuaded; and she was up, and dressed, and active; no symptom whatever of the invalid was about her. Could it be, that her mind was affected? or was she so overcome with grief at the previous night's exploits of Mr. Chandos as to be obliged to remain in retirement? The latter supposition appeared the more feasible—and I weighed the case in all its bearings.

But not quite feasible, either. For Hill appeared to be full mistress of the subject of the mystery, whatever it might be, and Mr. Chandos had said she had no suspicion of his malady. Oh, dear! I dwelt upon it all till my head ached; and, to get rid of my perplexities, I went strolling into the open air.

It was a fine sunshiny day, and the blue tint of the bloom upon the pine trees looked lovely in the gleaming light. I turned down a shady walk to the left, which took me to a part of the grounds where I had never yet penetrated, remote and very solitary. The path was narrow, scarcely admitting of two persons passing each other, and the privet hedge on either side, with the overhanging trees—those very pines I spoke of; but there were other pine trees near the house—imparted to it an air of excessive gloom. The path wound in its course; and, in turning one of its angles, I came right in face of some one advancing, some one who was so close as to touch me; and my heart leaped into my mouth, for it was Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Good-morning, young lady."

"Good-morning, sir," I stammered, sick almost unto death, lest he should recognize me; though why that excessive dread of his recognition should be upon me, I cannot explain. He was again trespassing on Chandos; but it was not for me, in my timidity, to tell him so; neither had I any business to set myself forward in upholding the rights of Chandos.

"All well at the house?" he continued.

"Yes, thank you. All, except Lady Chandos. She keeps her room this morning."

"You are a visitor at Chandos, I presume?"

"For a little time, sir."

"So I judged, when I saw you with Harry Chandos. That you were not Miss Chandos, who married that Frenchman, I knew, for you bear no resemblance to her; and she is the only daughter of the family. I fancied they did not welcome strangers at Chandos."

I made no answer; though he stared at me with his jet black eyes, as if waiting for it.

How I wished to get away! but it was impossible to pass by him without rudeness, and he stood blocking up the confined path.

"Are you a confidential friend of the family?" he resumed.

"No, sir; I am not to be called a friend at all; quite otherwise. Until a few days ago, I was a stranger to them. Accident brought me then to Chandos, but my stay here will be temporary."

"I should be glad to make your acquaintance by name," he went on, never taking those fierce eyes off me. "Will you favor me with it?"

I felt my face grow red and white, hot and cold. I had answered his questions, feeling that I dared not resist; that I feared to show him aught but civility; but—to give him my name; to rush, as it were, into the lion's jaws! No, I would not do that; and I plucked up what courage was left me.

"My name is of no consequence, sir. I am but a very humble individual, and little more than a schoolgirl. I was brought here by a lady, who, immediately upon her arrival, was recalled home by illness in her family, and I am in daily expectation of a summons from her; after which I daresay I shall never see Chandos or any of its inmates again. Will you be kind enough to allow me to pass?"

"You must mean Miss Chandos—I don't recollect her married name," said he, without stirring. "I heard she had been here; and left almost as soon as she came."

I bowed my head and tried to pass him. I might as readily have tried to jump the privet hedge.

"Some lady was taken away ill, yesterday," he resumed. "Who was it?"

"It was Mrs. Freeman."

"Oh—the companion. I thought as much. Is she very ill?"

"It was something of a fit, I believe. It did not last long."

"Those fits are ticklish things," he remarked. "I should think she will not be in a state to return for some time—if at all. They'll be wanting to fill up her place, won't they?"

"I cannot say, I'm sure, sir. The family do not speak of their affairs before me."

"Who is staying at Chandos now?" he abruptly asked.

"Only the family."

"Ah! the family—of course. I mean what members of it."

"All; except Madame de Mellissie and Sir Thomas Chandos."

"That is, there are Lady Chandos, her son, and daughter-in-law. That comprises the whole, I suppose—except you."

"Yes, it does. But I must really beg you to allow me to pass, sir."

"You are welcome now, and I am going to turn, myself. It is pleasant to have met an intelligent lady; and I hope we often shall meet, that I may hear good tidings of my friends at Chandos. We were intimate once, but a coolness has risen between us, and I do not go there. Good-day."

He turned and walked rapidly back. I struck into the nearest side walk I could find, and nearly struck against Mr. Chandos, who was walking down it.

"Are you alone, Miss Hereford? I surely heard voices."

"A gentleman met me, sir, and spoke."

"A gentleman—in this remote part of the grounds!" he repeated, looking keenly at me as a flush rose to his face. "Was it any one you knew?"

"It was the same who came into the broad walk, and whom you ordered out; the new tenant. He is gone now."

"He! and he was here?—in this walk?" reiterated Mr. Chandos, his broad brow contracting, and the flush deepening.

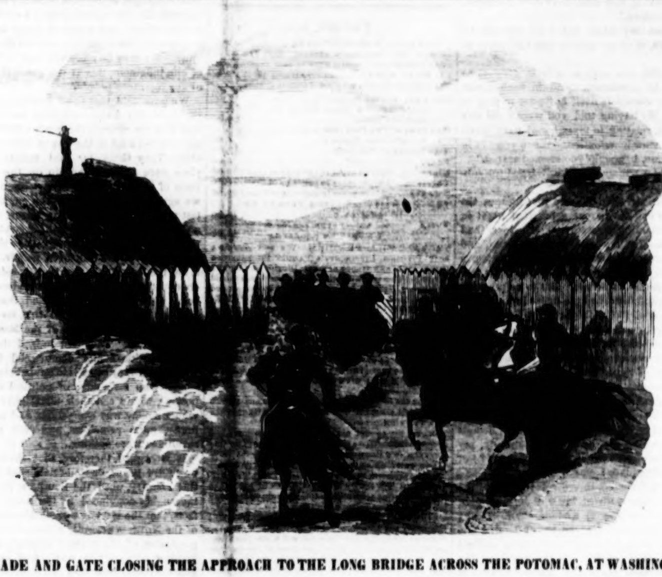
"I found out the walk by accident, sir, and I met him in it. He stopped and accosted me with several questions—which I deemed rude of him to do."

"What did he ask you?"

"He wished to know my name; who I was; but I did not satisfy him. He inquired also after your family, and asked what members of it were at home."

"And you told him?"

"There was no need to tell him, sir, for he mentioned the names to me: yourself, Lady, and Mrs. Chandos."



STOCKADE AND GATE CLOSING THE APPROACH TO THE LONG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, AT WASHINGTON.

"Ethel! how dared he mention her? What did he call her?—Mrs. Chandos?"

"He did not mention her by name, sir; he said 'daughter-in-law.'" I did not tell Mr. Chandos that the designation made an impression upon me, establishing the supposition that Mrs. Chandos *was* a daughter-in-law.

"And pray what did he call me?"

"Harry Chandos."

"Well, now mark me, Miss Hereford. That man accosted you to worm out what he could of our every-day life at home. His name is Barley—Edwin Barley. He is a bitter enemy of ours, and if he could pick up any trifle that he might turn about and work up into an injury to us, he would do so. You—you did not tell him what I imparted to you this morning touching myself?" he continued anxiously.

"Oh, Mr. Chandos! How can you ask the question? Did I not promise you to hold it sacred?"

"Forgive me," he gently said—"nay, I am sorry to have pained you," for the tears had risen to my eyes.

"Do not doubt my good faith, Mr. Chandos."

"I will not: I do not. But be upon your guard should Mr. Edwin Barley stop you again. He is a cunning, bad man, and were you to betray much of our affairs to him, it might do us an incalculable mischief: a chance word, which to you might appear innocent and trifling, might be sufficient for it. Will you remember this, Miss Hereford?"

I promised him I would, and went back to the house: the meeting with Mr. Edwin Barley had cured me of my wish to walk. A gentleman—it was the curate of the parish—stood at the hall door as I reached it, conferring with the butler: he was asking to see Lady Chandos.

"My lady is ill in bed, sir," was Hickens's reply, his long, grave face giving ample token that he held belief in his own words.

"I am sorry to hear that. Is her illness serious?"

"Pretty well, sir, I believe. Mrs. Hill fears it will be days before her ladyship is down again. She used to be subject to dreadful bilious attacks. I suppose it's one of them come back again."

The curate gave in a card, left a message, and departed. So it appeared that Hill was regaling the servants with the same story that she had told me. I could have spoken up, had I dared, and said there was nothing the matter with the health of Lady Chandos.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMOTION IN THE CORRIDOR.

I went down to dinner, wondering who would be at it, who preside. I think I have said that it was generally laid in the oak parlor, avoiding any ceremony of parading from drawing-room to dining-room. The servants were placing the dishes on the table, but no one was there: in another moment Mr. Chandos came in.

"A small company to-day, Miss Hereford; only you and I," he laughed, as we took our seats.

"Is Lady Chandos not sufficiently well to dine, sir?" I asked.

"She will eat something, no doubt. Hill takes care of her mistress. I met her carrying up the tray as I came down."

"I hope I am not the cause of your dining down stairs," I rejoined, the unpleasant thought striking me that it might be so. "Perhaps, but for me, you would take your dinner with Lady Chandos?"

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Were it not for you, I should sit here in solitary state and eat my lonely dinner with what appetite I might. And a solitary dinner is not good for the digestion, the doctors tell us. Did any one call while I was out, Hickens?"

"Only Mr. Jarvis, sir. I think he wanted to see my lady about the new schools. He was very particular in asking what was the matter with her, and I said I thought it might be one of those old bilious attacks come on again. My lady had a bad one or two at times, years ago, sir, you may remember."

"Ay," replied Mr. Chandos: but it was all the comment he made.

"Is Lady Chandos subject to bilious attacks?" I inquired of Mr. Chandos.

"Not particularly. She has been free from them latterly."

"Did you know, sir," continued Hickens, "that we have had news of Mrs. Freeman?"

"No. When did it come? I hope it's good."

"Not very good, sir. It came half an hour ago. She had another fit to-day, in the forenoon, and it's certain now that she won't be able to come back here for a long while, if she is at all. The relation that she is with wrote to Mrs. Hill, who took up the note to my lady. Hill says she fancied when she left there were symptoms of a second attack."

Mr. Chandos leaned back for a moment in his chair, forgetful that he was at dinner and not alone. He was in a reverie; but, as his eye fell on me, he shook it off, and spoke.

"Her not returning will prove an inconvenience to Mrs. Chandos."

"I'm afraid it will, sir," rejoined Hickens, who had fancied himself addressed; though in point of fact Mr. Chandos had but unconsciously spoken aloud his thoughts. Hickens had been a long while in the family, was a faithful and valued servant, consequently he was allowed more license than some would have been. "I warned Mrs. Chandos's maid, sir, not to tell her mistress about Mrs. Freeman's being worse," he went on. "'twould do no good, and only worrit her."

Mr. Chandos slightly nodded, and the dinner then proceeded in silence. At its conclusion Mr. Chandos, after taking one glass of wine, rose.

"I must apologize for leaving you alone, Miss Hereford, but I believe my mother will be expecting me to sit with her. Be sure you make yourself at home, and ring for tea when you wish for it."

"Shall you not be in to tea, sir?"

"I think not. At all events, don't wait."

Dreary enough was it for me, sitting in that great solitary room: it seemed that it would be less dreary out of doors; and, when the servants came in to move the dessert, I threw on a shawl and passed quietly out. It was scarcely to be called dark yet, though I suspect it would have been but for the unusually clear, calm atmosphere, and the moon I suppose was near its rising, though I could not see it.

All seemed still: no soul was about, no voices were to be heard; neither did any light gleam from the windows of the west wing: a slight glimmering, as of fire, sparkled up now and then in what I had understood was Lady Chandos's sitting room, for the curtains were not drawn. In the east wing, the apartments of Mrs. Chandos, there appeared plenty of cheerful blaze, both from fire and candle, and as I glanced up I saw the slight form of Mrs. Chandos come to the window, stand at it to look out, and then vanish. I passed round to the back of the house: never having explored that locality, it was a good opportunity to do so then. But I did not bargain for a great sheet of light into which I was thrown on turning an angle. It proceeded from a room where the maid servants were ironing, and I hastily drew aside under cover of a projecting out-building. I knew the maids of the house by this time by name, and recognized those in the room for Harriet and Emma: a third, Elizabeth—called generally by the other servants Lizzy—sat by the ironing stove, taking no part in the employment. They were talking fast, in that tone of voice which betrays the subject to be a covert one, and every word penetrated to me through the window, which they had thrown open to let out the heat.

"You may preach from now till to-morrow morning," exclaimed Harriet, "but you will never make me believe that folks's ghost appear before they die. It ain't in nature's order."

"*He* appears; I'll stand to that; and, what's more, I'll stand to it that I saw it last night," cried Lizzy. "I had got a bit of sewing that I wanted to finish, so I set to it after I got up to bed. Emma went into bed, but didn't go to sleep, for we were talking. After that I undressed myself, and put out the candle; and, in taking a last look from the casement—for there never was a lovelier night—there I saw him. I thought I should have swooned off dead. Ask Emma."

"But it might have been Mr. Chandos himself—not his ghost," argued Harriet.

"You might be a fool, but I daresay you'd stand to it you are not," retorted Lizzy. "Don't I tell you that in the old days we'd used to see that apparition when we knew Mr. Harry was safe in his bedroom? and once—I can be upon my oath to it, if you like—it appeared when Mr. Harry was miles and miles away, and half the household saw it; over the wide sea he was, gone to that French place where Miss Emily was at school. It was at the time she left it. Who but an apparition would dodge in and out of trees after that fashion? Mr. Harry would no more do such idiot's work, in his sober senses, than he'd try to fly in the air."

There was a pause. Harriet wisked her iron away to the stove, changed it, and came back again. "Did you see it last night, Emma?" she presently said.

"Yes, I did. Lizzy gave a shriek, saying that the ghost had come again, which made me bundle out of bed in double quick time, for I never believed it for a moment. There it was, safe enough."

"Who was it like?"

'Like! It was Mr. Chandos; there's no mistaking him. A tall, handsome, upright man such as him, with them beautiful features, ain't hard to know, or easy to mistake."

"It's a thing uncredible," uttered Harriet. "Let's suppose—for sake of the argument under discussion—that it is Mr. Chandos's ghost that walks: what good does it do? what does it come for?"

"I never heard yet that ghosts stooped to explain their motives," said Lizzy. "How should we know why it comes?"

"And I never heard yet that ghosts of live people came at all," persisted Harriet, in recrimination. "And I don't think anybody else ever did."

"But you know that's only your ignorance, Harriet. There are certain people born into the world with their own fetches or wraiths, which appear sometimes with them, sometimes at a distance, and Mr. Harry must be one. I heard of one person—she was a lady's maid—and while she was with her mistress in Scotland her fetch used to walk about in England, startling acquaintances into fits. Some people call 'em doubles."

"But what's the use of them?" reiterated Harriet: "what service do they render?"

"Harriet, don't you be profane, and set up your back again spirituous things," rebuked Lizzy. "I knew a man as never could be brought to reverence such; he mocked at 'em like any heathen, saying he'd fight single-handed the best ten ghosts that ever walked for ten pound a side, and wishing he could get the chance. What was the awful consequences? that man got blind drunk one night at the public, walked into the canal in mistake for the path, as he was going home, and was drownded."

Another pause. Emma replenished the stove, took a fresh iron, singed a rag in rubbing it, and continued her work. Where I stood I could see all their movements.

"How was it first seen?" resumed Harriet, "or came to be known that it was Mr. Chandos?"

"Mr. Chandos's ghost," corrected Lizzy, petulantly stamping her foot, for the other's disbelief was irritating her. "And as to its being known for Mr. Chandos, have human creatures got eyes, or have they not?"

"It is to be hoped most of us have," returned Harriet.

"It happened in this way," said Lizzy. "Mr Harry was over the water, as I tell you, and—"

"But report went that it had been seen a year or two before that," interrupted Emma.

"I know; I heard; but I can't say nothing to it, for I wasn't here," rejoined Lizzy. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt me. Mr. Harry was over the water, and one of the servants stopped out late one evening without leave: Phœby it was, who's married now. She had missed the train and had to walk, and it was between twelve and one when she got in, and me and Ann sitting up for her, in a desperate fright lest Mrs. Hill should find it out. In she came, all in a fluster, saying Mr. Harry was in the shrubbery and she was afraid he had seen her. Of course we thought it was Mr. Harry come home and that the house would be called up to serve refreshments for him. But nothing happened; no bells rang, and to bed we went. The next morning we finely laughed at Phœby, asking her what she had taken so to obscure her eyesight: which made her very mad. Evening came, and my lady had one of them wire messages sent her by the telegraph; it came from Mr. Harry, and proved he was at the French town then. But law! that night, there he was in the dark path as before, walking about it, and all we maids saw him. Hickens came to hear of it, and didn't he go on at us, calling us all the simpletons he could lay his tongue to. The next day Mr. Harry came home, and we saw it for more than one night after that, when we had watched Mr. Harry safe into his chamber. Now," cried Lizzy, by way of wind-up, "do you want a clearer tale than that?"

"You see, what staggers me is, that Mr. Chandos should be alive," returned Harriet, rather veering round. "I could believe it all fast enough if he were dead."

At that moment there was an interruption. The still-room maid came in with her things on, followed by Hill: but the latter remained in the back ground, looking at some ironed laces, and not one of the four girls observed her presence. The still-room maid advanced to the ironing board, throwing up her arms, "I say, you know Mrs. Peters, over at the brook?" cried she in excitement. "Well—she's dead."

"Dead!" uttered the girls, pausing in their work. "Why, it was only a few days ago that she was here!"

"She's dead, and they were a laying of her out as I came by, just now. Some fever, they said, which took her off in no time: and what's worse they say it's a catching fever; which when I heard made me scudder away from the door like anything. A mortal fright it put me in, for I shouldn't like to be wrapped in a winding sheet yet awhile."

"If fever has broke out in the neighborhood who knows but it's that that's the matter with my lady?" exclaimed Emma, in consternation, as she let the iron fall on its stand. "All our lives may be in jeopardy."

"Your places will be in greater jeopardy if you don't pay a little more attention to work, and leave off talking nonsense," called out Mrs. Hill from the back ground. They all started at the sound of her voice, turning their heads towards her, and I thought it a good opportunity to pass the window again, and slip away.

No candles yet in Lady Chandos's rooms, but the same cheerful light in those of Mrs. Chandos. I looked through the window into the oak parlor—the shutters of which were frequently not closed until bed time, only the white muslin curtains let down. The tea things were on the table, but the room was empty: and I bent my steps towards the walk where I had the previous night seen Mr. Chandos.

But some one was there before me. I saw a white figure flitting about; and, what with the solitary hour, the loneliness of all around, and the recent conversation of the servants, I am not sure but I began to think about ghosts myself. Ghost or no ghost, it glided up to me: Mrs. Chandos in a white silk evening dress.

"How you startled me!" she whispered. "With that shawl over your head and shoulders, you look like nothing human—but I saw, from the deficiency of height, that it was not *he*. Did you know that he was here last night?" she continued, in a most awe-struck tone.

"Yes," I stammered, not liking to acknowledge it to her after the promise given to Mr. Chandos, although she was of the family.

"You did not *see* him, surely? Why don't you speak?" she impatiently added.

"I did see him, madam; but I shall not mention it. The secret is safe with me."

"Oh, heaven! what will he do when he knows that you saw him?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "*I* did not see him, though I was looking from my window. Mrs. Freeman was not there: when she is, she will not let me look, for fear I should see him: it is so sad, you know. I thought he might be out again now, and came to see: but I expect he is closeted with Lady Chandos. You can't think what a long while it is since—since—and the shame is that they have not let me know it, so you must give me your promise not to tell them that I do. I found it out; Harry never said a word. You know Harry's not friends with me; through my having treated him badly: but he never—"

During the last few words, Mrs. Chandos's eyes had been strained on a particular spot near to us. What she saw, or fancied she saw, I know not, but she broke into a low, smothered shriek of fear, and sped away swiftly to the house. Too startled at first to follow her, I bent my eyes in the same direction, foolishly expecting to see Mr. Chandos perambulating in his sleep—and I believe had I done so I should have run away terrified as from any ghost.

There did appear to be a figure standing between two trees; in a line with them, as if he were another tree himself. Not Mr. Chandos; some one at least a head shorter. He looked all dark, as if he were in dark clothes, with a dark face, and there was something in his outlines which made me think of Mr. Edwin Barley. I knew not whether it was he: it was but the fancy of the moment, but it caused me to turn and fly, as Mrs. Chandos had done.

"Are you ready to make tea, Miss Hereford? Because I have come to have some."

It was the greeting of Mr. Chandos, as I ran breathless into the oak parlor. He was sitting there, near the table, and looked surprised to see me dart in, as if some wild tiger were pursuing me, a shawl over my head. I threw it off, sat down, and made the tea.

"Don't you think it strange, sir," I inquired, "that we hear nothing of Madame de Mellissie? Except the first short note she wrote, on her arrival in Paris, no news whatever has come."

"I think most things strange that Emily does," was his answer. "But I am not surprised at them. She may not write for weeks to come."

"If we do not hear to-morrow, I shall write to her. I do not know what to be at, and can but feel myself in an embarrassing position."

"It is probable you may have passed from her memory as completely as though she had not brought you and left you here."

"Then what am I to do?" I asked, the words bringing to my mind I know not what of perplexity. Mr. Chandos smiled.

"As you are here, you can only stay for the present. At any rate, until you hear from Emily."

With the tea things, disappeared Mr. Chandos, and a sort of disappointment fell over my heart. Why? In ten minutes he came in again.

"The moon is getting up," he remarked—"It will be a lovely night."

"Have you been out, sir?"

"No. Only to my mother's rooms."

"Is she better this evening?"

"Much the same."

He laid his elbow on the mantelpiece as he spoke, and rested his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, a strange look of anxiety, of pain, falling over his countenance. I would not disturb him, even by a movement. I was near the window at the time, and I softly pushed aside the muslin curtain to look out on the gradually lightening night.

What was it made me draw back again with a scream? Whose face was it, planted close to one of the panes, overlooking what might be passing in the room? A fierce, dark face, with its fierce black eyes: that of Mr. Edwin Barley. In my terror, I grasped the arm of Mr. Chandos, who was advancing towards me.

"What has alarmed you? what is it?"

"Oh, sir," I panted, "I—I—thought I saw a man's face, a man's face pressed against one of the window panes, and peering in."

He hastily put me in the nearest chair, drew aside the curtain, threw up the window and leaned out. It appeared that he could see no one.

"Are you *sure* you saw some one, Miss Hereford?"

"I am quite sure, sir."

"Who was it? Any one of the servants?"

I could readily answer that I did not believe it to have been any of the servants, but I shrank from avowing that it was Mr. Edwin Barley. A curious and most unpleasant suspicion had rushed over me, dim glimpses of which had been haunting me during tea, as I thought of the dark form in the trees—it was, that Mr. Edwin Barley had recognized me, and came, thus intruding stealthily into Chandos, to watch me, to take note of my movements, not of those of the owners of Chandos. Why he should do so, with what motive, I had not time to ask myself in that hurried moment, but the conviction that it was so, fixed itself upon me. Mr. Chandos went outside, returning after an interval.

"I cannot see any one about," he observed, "all seems perfectly free and still. I cannot help thinking you must have been mistaken, Miss Hereford."

I shook my head: but I did not care to say much, after the notion that had come to me.

"Possibly you may be a little nervous to-night," he continued, "and in such a case the fancy considers itself at liberty to play us tricks. My having told you what I did this morning, relating to myself, may have taken hold of your imagination. When you ran in at tea time, I thought you seemed scared."

I let him remain in this belief, and the subject dropped.

Would Mr. Chandos—or his ghost, as the servants had it—be out again that night in his somnambulent state? The subject had taken hold of my most vivid interest, and after undressing I sat at the window in a warm wrapper, watching the grounds. Eyes and ears were alike strained. But to no purpose: not a sound disturbed the house indoors, and all appeared still without. I got tired at my post; and, soon after twelve, went to bed.

Not to sleep for very long. I was awoke by what seemed a commotion in the corridor outside. Voices were heard in alternate soothing and expostulation, followed by the resisting shriek of a woman: all, save the shriek, carried on in a subdued tone. Oh, it is fearful to be awoke by this sort of sounds in the night! my heart beat painfully, my veins throbbed: what had happened?—or was taking place?

The sounds continued. I threw on the large wrapper, thrust my feet into slippers, and softly opened my chamber door. Dusky forms were moving about, but at the first moment I recognized none, for the moonlight did not shine brightly into the corridor. Presently I made them out. Lady Chandos in her night-dress, Mrs. Chandos in a white night dress also, with her hair streaming down, and Mr. Chandos partially attired. The latter had his arm round Mrs. Chandos's waist, and was gently leading her towards her own apartments: or rather, drawing her, for she did not seem willing to go.

"You never would have told me," she sobbed, passionately dashing her hair from her brow; "you know you never meant to tell me. It is cruel—cruel! What am I here but as a caged bird?—and whose fault is it that I am kept so, but yours?"

Mr. Chandos answered; but the words were spoken in a whisper, close to her ear. Not a syllable did I catch: and they were then near the east wing. Lady Chandos's tribulation appeared to be great: she followed, wringing her hands, and wailing a reproach in a low tone.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel, you will ruin and betray all! you will bring misery and desolation on the house! To think that you should shriek out! it might arouse the servants, and then what would be the consequence!"

They disappeared within the east wing, which closed behind them. In my consternation I still stood looking and trembling: stood till Mr. Chandos came swiftly and suddenly out of his own chamber. It scarcely appeared a minute, yet he had found it sufficient time to finish dressing, for he was now fully attired. His appearing from his chamber after disappearing within the east wing, established the fact that his room did communicate with it. In this same moment, Hickens, in fancy attire, assumed in a hurry, ran up the stairs from the hall, a light in his hand. Mr. Chandos advanced upon him and peremptorily waved him back.

"Go back to bed, sir. You are not wanted."

But as the light fell on Mr. Chandos's face, I saw that he was deadly pale.

"I heard a scream, Mr. Harry," responded poor Hickens, evidently taken to. "I'm sure I heard it; and I—I—thought some thieves or villains of that sort had got in, sir."

"Nothing of the kind. There's nothing whatever the matter to call for your aid. Mrs. Chandos is nervous to-night, and cried out—it is not the first time it has happened, as you know. She is all right again now. Go back and get your rest as usual."

"Shall I leave you the light, sir?" asked Hickens, perceiving that Mr. Chandos had none.

"Light? No. What do I want with a light? Mrs. Chandos's ailments have nothing to do with me."

He stood at the head of the stairs, watching Hickens down, and listening to his quiet closing of the doors dividing the hall from the kitchen passages. Then Mr. Chandos returned; and that treacherous moonlight betrayed me standing there.

At least, if Mr. Chandos did not see me, he could see that my door was pulled a few inches open, and would naturally arrive at the conclusion that my hands must have done it. He came straight towards it with his stern, white face; ceremony and he appeared to be at variance that night.

"Miss Hereford! I beg your pardon, but I must request that you retire within your room, and allow your door to be closed. Mrs. Chandos is ill, and the sight of strangers would make her worse. I will close it for you; I should so act by my sister were she here."

He shut it with his own hand and turned the key upon me. Turned the key upon me! Well, I could only submit. I got into bed, and at length fell asleep, nothing more disturbing me that night.

But how strangely mysterious it all appeared! one curious commotion, one unaccountable mystery succeeding to another. I had heard of haunted castles in romances, of ghostly abbeys; but surely the events enacted in them could not be more startling than these at Chandos. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to The Post, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of The Post to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. E. Your poem is good, with the exception of its rhymes. *Die* and *boy*, *embrace* and *rest*, *run* and *time* are not rhymes at all, for that matter. With this exception, our readers, we think, will support us in saying that the following is not bad poetry:—

HOME AGAIN.

Back to the home nest, mother,
Home, but only to die!
Why did I ever leave you, mother?
Forgive your erring boy.

Clasp your arms around me, mother,
Let me feel your warm embrace;
And sing me the old loved song, mother,
As I sink to my long last rest.

Weep not for me, dear mother,
That my wild career is run;
Sowing and reaping, mother,
Come all in God's good time—
And mine were wild oats, mother,
And now is the harvest time.

THE STRUGGLE.

Every preparation looking to an immediate advance of our troops upon the rebels is being made. The mutinous conduct in some of the regiments, the slight evidences of defection in others, make some active movement necessary. General Scott complains bitterly of the course pursued by some prominent journals. He says the reports of army movements published without authority, and the critical comments of the press generally, serve to demoralize the army, and to render an easy victory more uncertain. The opinion prevails in well informed circles that it was not the original intention of the commanding general to make any decisive movement before September but owing to the impatience of "General Public," and the demands of "General Opinion," coupled with important recent causes, a speedy action will be inaugurated.

So says a Washington correspondent of the North American—we know not with how much truth. One thing, however, we take for granted, as all our information tends to that point, that Gen. Scott desires to win his victories with as little loss of life as possible. If he could by skilful strategy and diligent delay, put an end to the rebellion without the fighting of a single important engagement, we believe nothing would please him better.

In this desire, however—laudable as it is—we doubt that he correctly represents the temper of the Northern people. We do not think that, as a general thing, they feel the least bloodthirsty; but they believe, if we are not mistaken, that some large fighting is an absolute necessity of their position. They believe it to be the general conviction in the South, arising from the aversion to duelling felt by Northern men, and their careless disregard of opprobrious epithets, that they are cowards; and they almost welcome therefore the present struggle as a means of showing not only to the self-styled "chivalry," but to all the world, that the existence of the most desperate courage is perfectly compatible with the Northern dislike to a spirit quick to take offence, and which is ready to resort at a word to the duelling pistol or the bowie knife. We may be mistaken, but, in the best of our judgment, this is the general feeling of the Northern people.

We have said that there is nothing bloodthirsty in this desire—we may further say, that it is not deemed that such a contest will stand in the least in the way of future friendship. They think, for that matter, it will place such future friendship on the reliable basis of respect. They believe—and in this we agree with them—that the present contest would never have been begun, had not a very erroneous opinion been widely cherished in the Southern States, as to the spirit and temper of the Northern people. There is not the least doubt that the Secession leaders counted with the utmost confidence upon being able to oppose a United South to a Divided North. Added to this, they felt a contempt for the courage of the North, divided or united. They had judged the North by the political and commercial flunkeys with whom they came into immediate contact—men who for a mess of political or other pottage, would sell their birthright; men to whom money was everything, and to whom honor, great principles, and even common manliness were nothing.

It is argued, therefore, that there can be no future peace or well-established union in this country, until the Southern people are thoroughly convinced by the stern logic of facts, that the mild and peaceable civilization of the North is perfectly compatible with the possession of the highest courage and the greatest efficiency for war. And as it is not generally seen how they can be so convinced without some serious fighting, Gen. Scott's supposed desire for bloodless and strategical victories does not meet with that degree of admiration which, in other circumstances, it would undoubtedly receive.

For our own part, we do not believe in the possibility of such victories—and we doubt that General Scott expects, however much he may desire to win them. After the most cunning strategy has done its part, we believe there will be a sad amount of labor to be done with the sharp shot and the ensanguined steel. That such carnage may have its compensations in the mode we have alluded to, we devoutly hope. That the fair-fought battle-field does not necessarily leave an eternal crop of rankling memories behind it, the history of the past abundantly proves. Scotland and England are one instance of a firm and cordial union after centuries of the fiercest kind of wars, with one another, and within themselves. Hungary at this moment would reconcile herself to Austria, if the latter would treat her with common fairness. Scarcely a nation but which has had its great rebellions, often put down with great difficulty, but which were, as the result proved, effectually put down, and left no seeds of permanent bitterness behind them. Man, in fact, is not a malice-bearing animal—neither is his memory, of supposed injuries, or of acknowledged favors, a long one. His brain and heart are not exactly water, but they are very far indeed from being marble or iron.

Therefore, hoping for the best, which is almost a duty, we think we see through the dark storm of the present the sunshine and the rainbow. We think we see the Rock of the Union emerging unwasted from the conflict of raging waves. We think we see a Country, chastened and enlightened by its woes. We think we see a People with nobler thoughts and purposes, less wrapped up in their material prosperity, and more earnest in their maintenance of what they believe to be Just and Right. We think we see Politicians and Statesmen of a nobler strain than those who have led us with their dim vision and ignoble instincts to the brink of the precipice of Disunion. We think we see a higher Chivalry advancing to the front of social and political life than that of the bowie-knife and the revolver. We think we see the Torch of Human Progress—lighted in 1776 at the stern fires of one great conflict—and which was fast becoming dim and flickering—baptized anew as it were in the fires of a second great struggle for American Independence, and blazing brighter and still brighter unto the perfect day.

TENNESSEE MAILS.—As the Postmaster General has ordered the mails discontinued in Tennessee with the exception of those in the loyal portion of the state, we shall not be able to send The Post to our subscribers in Central and Western Tennessee for the present. In cases where it is convenient for persons in the dark counties to get their papers from offices in the enlightened portion of the state, they will please send us directions to that effect. In other cases, we will send the number of papers due as soon as the light of postal civilization again dawns upon our benighted brethren.

ONE WISE ACT.—It is reported that Jeff. Davis's brother last summer invested $200,000 for himself and Jeff. in the French funds.

WAR MOVEMENTS.

It will be noticed that General McClellan, after the victory at Rich Mountain, was pressing on rapidly to Beverly, his advance being within two miles of that town. This is on the road to Staunton, which lies on the Eastern side of the main Alleghany range of mountains—in the valley between it and the Blue Ridge—Beverly lying west of the mountains. Gen. McClellan was already as far south as Alexandria is, and in a position, it would seem, to menace both Winchester and Richmond.

In northern Virginia, the secession general, Johnston, it was reported, had retreated from Bunker Hill without a battle, and was marching to Winchester to unite his forces with those of Gen. Jackson. The two bodies, it is reported, would compose an army of 30,000 men, with 30 pieces of artillery—but 20,000 men, with 10 pieces of artillery, would probably come nearer the true mark. To oppose this army, Gen. Patterson is reported to have about 25,000 men; which probably is tolerably near the truth. Patterson, it is believed, will soon move upon Winchester—though there is no certainty, since McClellan's victory, that the rebels will make a stand at that place.

The troops in and around Washington still continue motionless. In despite of the many rumors to the contrary, we adhere to the belief that their inactivity is due to military, and not to political reasons. For it must not be supposed they are doing no good. Their very presence renders necessary the maintenance of a large secession force to watch their movements—and weakens the rebels in other places. When McClellan and Patterson reach a certain point in their onward progress, we look to see an advance from Washington—and, very probably, a falling back of the rebels from Manassas Junction, without a battle.

There is no reliable information as to the contents of a letter recently sent to President Lincoln by Jeff. Davis under a flag of truce. It is *said* to have been both unimportant and impertinent, and that no reply was made to it.

Rebellion in Missouri has been gathering to a head both in the northeastern and extreme southwestern portions of the State.—In the former it seems to have been dispersed, in the latter it attained a partial success. We doubtless shall have important news from that quarter before many days. We hope to hear that the scene of action has been forced into Arkansas, and that the fertile fields of Missouri will not be ravaged by the locusts of war. As for Arkansas, if she suffers, it will be because her people have willed it so. She too can soon be free from all trouble, however, by simply returning to her allegiance, and no longer warring against that maternal bosom to which she owes her very life.

A PRINCE WANTED.

The New York Times' Paris correspondent gives currency to the very improbable story that the leaders of the Southern rebellion have offered to one of the Bonapartes—Captain Bonaparte, of the American branch of that family—the position of military dictator of the Southern Confederacy. This may do for a sensation rumor, but there is very little probability of its truth.

And yet Mr. Miller, of the steam sloop Iroquois, says that Captain Ingraham invited a number of Southern naval officers to meet him on the 20th of last December at Spezzia, and that he (Miller) was one of those so invited and present. The result of this session was not satisfactory, and another was held at Genoa in January. At this conclave, Ingraham and several more determined to desert the service and join the rebels; and, as an inducement to Mr. Miller to join them, they told him that *this movement in the South would soon end in a monarchy; that such was the design; and that all who now went over would be made noblemen and given high preferments.*

Captain Ingraham is a South Carolinian, and the gentlemen who wanted a little English prince of Mr. Russell of the *London Times*, were also South Carolinians. Now where there is so much smoke there is probably a little fire. Of course it is so far a mere project of a few leaders, but so was secession itself at the first.

These projects of getting a prince from abroad, go to show the correctness of the Irishman's theory in an old anecdote. The story went that an American, out of patience at the result of a certain election, told the Irishman that for his part he went for making some one King, and thus get rid of the vexation of elections forever.

"But," replied the Irishman, "*where will you get the blood?*"

Our Secession friends seem to perceive, as the Irishman did, that it is necessary you should have the genuine, true-blue article of blood, when you are going into the royalty line—and hence these applications to France and England. But as to Captain Bonaparte, his blood is very questionable. Why not try a Coburg or a Hapsburg, or some other authorized brand? Or is the Prince Camille de Polignac, now said to be in Richmond, in the service of the rebels, of sufficiently noble blood for the purpose?

CONGRESS.—All the necessary bills seem to be passing Congress easily enough—in the House, Wood, of New York, and Vallandigham, of Ohio, being about the only representatives from the Free States who oppose them. The Loan Bill in the House was passed by 149 yeas to 5 nays. The 500,000 Volunteer Bill in the Senate by 34 yeas to 4 nays—the latter being Johnson and Polk of Missouri, Kennedy of Maryland, and Powell of Kentucky; Breckinridge was absent.

CAT AND BIRDS.—A correspondent of the Independent suspends a small, clear sounding bell by a ribbon to the cat's neck. The slightest motion of cat tinkles the bell and frightens the bird. Of course the bell will also frighten the rats and mice—but it can be taken off at night, and in the months when the birds are not about.

COUNT CAVOUR.

Apropos to our criticism this week upon Dr. Holmes' medical lectures, comes the account from Europe of the last sickness of Count Cavour. The Count, like the woman in the Scriptures, appears to have "suffered many things from many physicians, but grew no better, but rather worse," until finally he could stand it no longer. A letter from Turin says:—

> The Romans crowned on the Capitol, the physician who rid them of Pope Adrian VI. The Italians of our own day would honestly hang Count Cavour's doctors if the execution would afford any relief to their feelings. There never was a clearer case of a man murdered by his medical attendants. Within a very short period of five days, they attempted to cure the Count of four or more different complaints—congestion of the brain, typhus fever, intermittent pernicious fever, brain fever, dropsy, and lastly gout; and for all these diseases they could think of nothing but their own sovereign remedy, the lancet. I think these excellent practitioners are worthy to send down their names to posterity. They were Dr. Rossi, Dr. Mattoni, and, towards the end, the King's physician, Riberi, the same in whose hands the mother, wife, and brother of Victor Emmanuel expired, one by one, in the early months of the fatal year 1855. Dr. Tommasi, who was summoned from Pavia by Cavour's friends, was not admitted to consultation.

The "king's physician," Riberi, would seem to be a sure shot—quite a rifled cannon in his way. We judge he must be at heart the reddest kind of a red republican, and does more execution with one little lancet than mighty warriors do with their swords. He bathes his hands in the blood of kings with impunity. Victor Emmanuel must look out.

——Not to be unfair to our Allopathic friends, we will give them a little pellet which we picked up in a Homœopathic medical work, and which we think, small as it is, will produce considerable laughter. The author—a physician of high standing—is recommending remedies for a certain complaint. He advises this, he advises that, until finally he says, "if none of these remedies will give relief, smell camphor."

ENGLISH HUNTERS.

We always had an idea that a good English hunter could clear a gate six feet high about as easily as look at it. But from the account of a recent leaping match in England, it seems we were slightly mistaken.—The performances of the horses are thus described:—

> Mr. Horloch brought out his horse, Black Dwarf, a magnificent animal, standing nearly 17 hands—well known for his performances with the Surrey Fox and Stag Hounds, and many of the packs in Oxfordshire—and put him at a stiff post and rail, measuring five feet in height. This, at the second try, the horse cleared in fine style, only slightly brushing with the hind legs. This being done, Mr. Anderson's horse, a chestnut, was brought out, and being mounted by the well known and fine steeple-chase rider, Mr. Linton, who had himself given his services for the occasion, was ridden at the same jump, which he broke with his hind legs three times in succession, getting over the fourth time with a hard hit. Mr. Horloch then, having caused the bar to be elevated to the height of five feet two inches, again rode at it; his horse refused the first time, and the second broke it with his fore legs. The bar was then sunk one inch, and this the Black Dwarf did magnificently at the first try, clearing by three or four inches with his forelegs, and just touching with one hind shoe. Mr. Linton then again mounted, and though he did all in the power of a first-rate rider to induce the horse to jump, for four times in succession he went through the bar, thus leaving Mr. H. winner of the match.

Thus a celebrated horse does, as a great thing, five feet one inch. Now, will any one of our readers—English or American—*who knows*, tell us, in plain feet and inches, the common performance of the English hunter? Are the English fences as high as ours, and could the fox hunters ride in a bee line across such country and fences as we have around Philadelphia?

TERRITORIES AGAIN.

In a recent debate in the Senate, Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, having asked Senator Baker, of Oregon, whether "he thought he could preserve the Union by reducing sovereign states to provinces," Mr. Baker replied:—

> A Territorial government is a republican form of government. But we are now in a state of war, and the Senate is hearing hostile guns. This is no time to mince words or measures. He hoped those states would return to their allegiance and send men as true as his friend from Tennessee (Mr. Johnson.) But he did say that, if these states would not return and govern themselves, he would govern them as territories—better than they have governed themselves. [Laughter.]

In relation to those states which were formerly territories belonging to the Union, and were admitted as states into the Union, it would seem to follow that if they do not comply with the conditions, by remaining states of the Union, they necessarily relapse into their former condition of territories. An absolute sovereignty as independent states was never conferred upon them—they were simply admitted as states of the Union, with the qualified sovereignty recognized by the Constitution.

DEATH OF MRS. LONGFELLOW.—We regret to learn that the wife of the poet Longfellow died on the 10th, from injuries received from fire. She was making impressions of seals in sealing wax for the amusement of her children, when her light summer dress caught fire, and she was immediately enveloped in flames. Her husband rushed from his study to her rescue, but did not succeed in extinguishing the flames soon enough. She died the next day. Mr. Longfellow's burns were not serious, though painful. Mrs. Longfellow was a lady of beautiful presence, and highly accomplished—the Mary Ashburton, we believe, of that beautiful prose poem, *Hyperion*. It was a sad fate for one so gentle and beloved; and a nation, which admires and cherishes the genius of the poet, will mingle its sadness with his deep grief.

KENTUCKY.

The official vote in the recent contest in Kentucky is stated to have been as follows:—Union, 92,460; disunion, 37,700; giving an Union majority of 54,760.

Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, recently, in the House of Representatives, in answer to an anti-coercion speech of his colleague, Mr. Burnett, said—

> I have risen simply to protest, in the name of Kentucky and her Union representatives on this floor, against the remarks made by my colleague. Kentucky, by a large and overwhelming majority, will support and maintain the Government and Constitution of the United States. [Applause on the floors and in the galleries.]
>
> We, in Kentucky, believe that the peril, danger, the destruction and ruin of so many material interests have been brought about by those very seceding states of the South which seem to excite sympathy.

Now, in view of the heavy Union vote, and the above declaration by Mr. Mallory of Kentucky Union principles, how is it that we read of recruiting offices for the secession forces being openly established in Louisville?

NO GENTLEMAN.

N. P. Willis—who is authority—positively pronounces Jeff. Davis to be "no gentleman," in the "highest circle" view of the case. He says:—

> To speak, to any one conversant with Washington society, of the pinchbeck imitation of Southern gold—the caricature of Southern chivalry—was to get "Jeff. Davis" instanced at once as the most glaring specimen. With other lovers of the genuine article, the true Southern gentleman, I have felt it as a national mortification, for years, that so glaring a travesty should be the representer of it in the Senate. It hurt the cause of the South, in which I then felt a romantic interest.

Poor Jeff.—if he cannot be allowed even the small satisfaction of being one of the "chivalry," it will go hard with him. But not so hard as it will be apt to go with Mr. Willis, if he is ever caught down in secessiondom—all the affecting "romantic interest" he formerly felt "in the cause of the south" would not save him.

THE STOCK BAROMETER.

That sensitive—often too sensitive—barometer, the stock market, is rising; betokening the belief of the large capitalists that the skies are looking brighter. The blue seems to be spreading West and South. Gold is still pouring in from Europe—a Government loan for five millions for immediate wants, was taken up in New York the other day in forty minutes—there is every indication of an abundant harvest—the large Government outlays will soon begin to tell on business—Congress has voted the President half a million of men, and five hundred millions of money, one-fourth more of both than was requested—the proud cry of victory begins to float in—altogether capital contrives to gain confidence, and perceives that we are not all going to the "demnition bowwows" this time. Capital is right—we still have a country—and we shall emerge from the ruin which menaced us, as strong for peace, much stronger for war, than ever before. Soon shall we hear the nations again crying out, "All hail, Columbia!"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—The rapid transmission of the Message is said to have been one of the greatest telegraphic feats on record. But the country would have been better served, had the operators taken more time over such an important document, and not distorted it so shamefully. The mistakes generally are such as can be corrected after a little thought by persons of intelligence, but one in our own copy, relative to compromise, we think it well to rectify. The following, we believe, is the correct reading:—

> It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the Government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.
>
> As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him.

While the message is marked by great talent, and often great felicity of expression,—some of the sentences bearing upon them even the lightning mark of genius—it is marred by little errors and obscurities, which any well educated man could have corrected in half-an-hour. The President evidently needs a competent private Secretary—and we have half a notion of applying for the place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, &c., &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the wit, the poet, the romancer, here appears in his character of physician, a new one to us and to most of our readers. Apart from some apparently prejudiced statements respecting the Homœopathic practice of medicine, we see in this book the general superiority which we should expect from a man of genius and character in any department of work. As a class, we feel a shrinking from physicians as we do from ministers, because their profession is so exalted, the duties they have assumed so holy and so difficult of performance, that they must be either saints or sinners; and fall lower in failure than other men, that their shortcomings are glossed over with the crowning sin of deceit. It is therefore an especial pleasure to find in a physician candor, conscientiousness, humanity, and religious faith. In our author these virtues shine out victorious through temptation in his paper proving the "contagiousness of Puerperal Fever." His course in this instance shows his own adherence to the rule which he lays down in his Valedictory Address—a rule "so plain that it may be sneered at as a truism, but so difficult to follow, that he who has never broken it deserves canonizing better than many saints in the calendar: *a physician's first duty is to his patient; his second only to himself.*"

The following is good advice to young physicians:—

> Be very careful; be very slow; be very modest in the presence of Nature. One special caution let me add. If you are ever so accurate in your physical explorations, do not rely too much upon your results. Given fifty men with a certain fixed amount of organic disease, twenty may die, twenty may linger indefinitely, and ten may never know they have anything the matter with them. I think you will pardon my saying that I have known something of the arts of direct exploration, though I wrote a youthful Essay on them, which, of course, is liable to be considered a presumption to the contrary. I would not, therefore undervalue them, but I will say that a diagnosis which maps out the physical condition ever so accurately, is, in a large proportion of cases, of less consequence than the opinion of a sensible man of experience, founded on the history of the disease, though he has never seen the patient.
>
> And this leads me to speak of prognosis and its fallacies. I have doomed people, and seen others doom them, over and over again, on the strength of physical signs, and they have lived in the most contumacious and scientifically unjustifiable manner as long as they liked, and some of them are living still. I see two men in the street, very often, who were both as good as dead in the opinion of all who saw them in their extremity. People will insist on living, sometimes, though manifestly *moribund*. In Dr. Elder's Life of Kane you will find a case of this sort, told by Dr. Kane himself. The captain of a ship was dying of scurvy, but the crew mutinied, and he gave up dying for the present to take care of them. An old lady in this city, *near her end*, got a little vexed about a proposed change in her will; made up her mind not to die just then; ordered a coach; was driven twenty miles to the house of a relative, and lived four years longer. Cotton Mather tells some good stories which he picked up in his experience, or out of his books, showing the *unstable equilibrium* of prognosis.—Simon Stone was shot in nine places, and as he lay for dead, the Indians made two hacks with a hatchet to cut his head off. He got well, however, and was a lusty fellow in Cotton Mather's time. Jabez Musgrove was shot with a bullet which went in at his ear and came out at his eye, on the other side. A couple of bullets went through his body also. Jabez got well, however, and lived many years. *Per contra*, Colonel Rossiter, cracking a plum-stone with his teeth, broke a tooth and lost his life. We have seen physicians dying, like Spigelius, from a scratch; and a man who had had a crowbar shot through his head, alive and well. These extreme cases are warnings. But you can never be too cautious in your prognosis, in the view of the great uncertainty of the course of any disease not long watched, and the many unexpected turns it may take.
>
> I think I am not the first to utter the following caution: Beware how you take away *hope* from any human being. Nothing is clearer than that the merciful Creator intends to blind most people as they pass down into the dark valley. Without very good reasons, temporal or spiritual, we should not interfere with His kind arrangements. It is the height of cruelty and the extreme of impertinence, to tell your patient he must die, except you are sure that he wishes to know it, or that there is some particular cause for his knowing it. I should be especially unwilling to tell a child that it could not recover: if the theologians think it necessary, let them take the responsibility. God leads it by the hand to the edge of the precipice in happy unconsciousness, and I would not open its eyes to what He wisely conceals.

Among the improvements in medical science, our author gives precedence where it is due.

> First in consequence is the ever-growing conviction, in and out of the profession, of the comparative insignificance of *drugging* in all its forms as an antagonist to disease—That the body is a changeable compound of particles, which must be properly aired, washed, agitated, rested, protected and renewed, in order that their changes may run on in the rhythm called health, and that no drug can take the place of these conditions any more than it can give music to a piano string which is loose or broken, is to some extent understood. A vast deal of annoyance and often positive injury is spared to the patient, while the physician has learned submission to the laws of nature, and grown less presumptuous in his expectations and promises.

The following comparison is a good one. It impressed us the more that just at the time of reading it one of the fiercest of these "beasts of prey" sprang from his unknown den into the midst of our own family, and it repeatedly occurred to us through the weeks of earnest and vigilant battle that were necessary to expel the enemy and restore the peace and purity and happiness of home:—

> Men live in the immediate neighborhood of a great menagerie, the doors of which are always open. The beasts of prey that come out are called diseases. They feed upon us, and between their teeth we must all pass sooner or later,—all but a few, who are otherwise taken care of. When these animals attack a man, most of them give him a scratch or a bite, and let him go. Some hold on a little while; some are carried about for weeks or months, until the carrier drops down or they drop off. By-and-by one is sure to come along that drags down the strongest, and makes an end of him.
>
> Most people know little or nothing of these beasts, until all at once they find themselves attacked by one of them. They are therefore liable to be frightened by those which are not dangerous, and careless with those that are destructive. They do not know what will soothe, and what will exasperate them.—They do not even know the dens of many of them, though they may be close to their own dwellings.
>
> A physician is one who has lived among these beasts, and studied their aspects and habits. He knows them all well, and looks them in the face, and lays his hand on their backs daily. They seem, as it were, to know him, and to greet him with such *risus sardonicus* as they can muster. He knows that his friends and himself have all got to be eaten up at last by them, and his friends have the same belief. Yet they want him near them at all times, and with them when they are set upon by any of these their natural enemies. He goes, knowing pretty well what he can do and what he cannot.
>
> He can talk to them in a quiet and sensible way about these terrible beings, concerning which they are so ignorant, and liable to harbor such foolish fancies. He can frighten away some among them of the lesser kind with certain ill-smelling preparations he carries about him. Once in a while he can draw the teeth of some of the biggest, or throttle them. He can point out their dens, and so keep many from falling into their jaws.
>
> This is a great deal to promise or perform, but it is not all that is expected of him. Sick people are very apt to be both fools and cowards. Many of them confess the fact in the frankest possible way. If you doubt it, ask the next dentist about the wisdom and courage of average manhood under the dispensation of a bad tooth. As a tooth is to a liver, so are the dentists' patients to the doctors', in the want of the two excellences above mentioned.
>
> Those not over-wise human beings called *patients* are consequently a little unreasonable. They come with a small scratch, which Nature will heal very nicely in a few days, and insist on its being closed at once with some kind of joiner's glue. They want their little coughs cured, so that they may breathe at their ease, when they have no lungs left that are worth mentioning. They would have called in Luke, the physician, to John the Baptist, when his head was in the charger, and asked for a balsam that would cure cuts. This kind of thing cannot be done.—But it is very profitable to lie about it, and say that it can be done. The people who make a business of this lying, and profiting by it, are called *quacks*.
>
> But as patients wish to believe in all manner of "cures," and as all doctors love to believe in the power of their remedies, and as nothing is more open to self-deception than medical experience, the whole matter of therapeutics has always been made a great deal more of than the case would justify. It has been an inflated currency,—fifty pretences on paper, to one fact of true, ringing metal.

Dr. Holmes, like all the lights of his profession, knows the limitations of physic. We will copy one of his remarks. All through the great West, and everywhere that quack medicines are extensively used, these common sense views of what the doctor can do and what he can't, are much needed. If people had less faith in drugs they would give more attention to a reasonable observance of the conditions of health.

> All noxious agents, all appliances which are not natural food or stimuli, all medicines proper, cost a patient, on the average, five per cent. of his vital force, let us say. Twenty times as much waste of force produced by any of them, that is, would exactly kill him, nothing less than kill him, and nothing more. If this, or something like this, is true, then all these medications are, *prima facie*, injurious.
>
> In the game of Life-or-Death, *Rouge et Noir*, as played between the Doctor and the Sexton, this five per cent., this certain small injury entering into the chances, is clearly the sexton's perquisite for keeping the green table, over which the game is played, and where he hoards up his gains. Suppose a blister to diminish a man's pain, effusion or dyspnœa to the saving of twenty per cent. in vital force; his profit from it is fifteen, in that case, for it always hurts him five to begin with, according to our previous assumption.
>
> Presumptions are of vast importance in medicine, as in law. A man is presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. A medicine—that is, a noxious agent, like a blister, a seton, an emetic, or a cathartic—should always be presumed to be hurtful. It always is *directly* hurtful; it may sometimes be indirectly beneficial. If this presumption were established, and disease always assumed to be the innocent victim of circumstances, and not punishable by medicines, that is, noxious agents, or poisons, until the contrary was shown, we should not so frequently hear the remark commonly, perhaps erroneously, attributed to Sir Astley Cooper, but often repeated by sensible persons, that, on the whole, more harm than good is done by medication. Throw out opium, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover, and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of anæsthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole materia medica, *as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind,—and all the worse for the fishes.
>
> But to justify this proposition, I must add that the injuries inflicted by over-medication, are to a great extent masked by disease. Dr. Hooker believes that the *typhus syncopalis* of a preceding generation in New England, "was often in fact a brandy and opium disease." How is a physician to distinguish the irritation produced by his blister from that caused by the inflammation it was meant to cure? How can he tell the exhaustion produced by his evacuants from the collapse belonging to the disease they were meant to remove?
>
> Lastly, medication without insuring favorable hygienic conditions, is like amputation without ligatures. I had a chance to learn this well of old, when physician to the Broad Street district of the Boston Dispensary.—There, there was no help for the utter want of wholesome conditions, and if anybody got well under my care, it must have been in virtue of the rough-and-tumble constitution which emerges from the struggle for life in the street gutters, rather than by the aid of my prescriptions.
>
> But if the materia medica were lost overboard, how much more pains would be taken in ordering all the circumstances surrounding the patient (as can be done everywhere out of the crowded pauper districts), than are taken now by too many who think they do their duty and earn their money when they write a recipe for a patient left in an atmosphere of domestic malaria, or to the most negligent kind of nursing! I confess that I should think my chance of recovery from illness less with Hippocrates for my physician and Mrs. Gamp for my nurse, than if I were in the hands of Hahnemann himself, with Florence Nightingale or good Rebecca Taylor to care for me.

In a paper on "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions," Dr. Holmes loses patience with people's persistent faith in that system. It is very provoking to be sure to the rival practice, but people will obstinately like that which they think cures without hurting them. We are not prepared to defend the scientific principles of Hahnemann's theory; but years of varied family experience, with the use of homœopathic remedies, have established in our mind a kind of faith that authority and logic do not touch. If you are in the clutch of the cholera, and ten pellets of veratrum administered at the critical moment when death seems close at hand, give the victory to the rallying forces of life, what argument could overweigh the convictions of such an experience? And if your child wakes at night with that alarm bell of danger, a hoarse croupy cough, and you find that Aconite and Tartar Emetic remove the symptoms that terrify you, what reasoning or what authority of great names would persuade you that the drops or the pellets are mere water or sugar plums?

Whether the medicines that work these wonders are attenuated according to the old Homœopathic formulas, we are of course unable to say. We are a little inclined to believe that they are not—and that much more powerful dilutions are now used than were employed by the original disciples of Hahnemann. We doubt whether the contents of certain bottles of Aconite that have been in our possession, could be swallowed with impunity—and so with various other medicines. Our words and belief apply only to the Homœopathic remedies as we find them—not to such remedies as compounded by Hahnemann. And that they have power—that Aconite for instance, will affect a fever, that both it and Belladonna will soothe a teething child, who is tossing his head about in all directions, and that Tartar Emetic will generally check a croupy or spasmodic cough, we have proved to our own entire satisfaction.

When this matter is finally settled—if it ever should be settled—we think it will be found that the doses given by the Allopathic practitioners, are, as a general thing, not only needlessly but often even hurtfully large. They wish to produce a certain effect, but do not sufficiently bear in mind what Dr. Holmes is fully conscious of, the fact that medicine *in itself* is not a beneficial thing, and is therefore often, and perhaps generally injurious in a degree. Now if a desired effect can be produced by a small quantity of any pernicious drug, anything over that small quantity *may* do, probably *will* do, needless harm. We are also inclined to believe that the amount of any drug required to produce a given effect, is generally greatly over estimated. We all know how doses of calomel, within a few years, have dwindled down—doing just as much good nowadays, and nothing like the amount of harm. And what is true of calomel is probably true of many other medicines.

We are not the least of a bigot in regard to Homœopathy. In the last severe illness in our family, we tried the Allopathic practice. And therefore we may be considered a tolerably fair and impartial witness.—Where we think Allopathy does injury, is in its too great fondness for and reliance upon the use of drugs, and in its needlessly and hurtfully large doses. Where we think Homœopathy often fails, is in its hesitation to resort to powerful remedies in very dangerous and rapid cases. That the Allopathic physicians sometimes kill those with their remedies whom nature, left to herself, would cure,—that Homœopathic physicians sometimes allow those to die whom it is in the power of proper remedies to uphold until nature has time to collect her scattered forces—are two conclusions we have been disposed to settle down upon.

In one thing, in conclusion, it seems to us that Dr. Holmes is a little inconsistent. He evidently has very little faith in medicine—doubting, as he does, whether it would not be better that the whole materia medica should be sunk to the bottom of the sea—and yet is very savagely down upon the Homœopathic school, whose medicines, in his opinion, are entirely powerless. Now if medicine, in the hands of the old-school practitioners, does about as much harm as good, the new-school are just as well off with their little pellets, granting that these latter have no effect at all. Our good friend, the Autocrat, with all his ability, will not be able to stand on both sides of the medical fence at once. He cannot be a "ferocious radical," and have all the orthodox medical fraternity denouncing his irreverend opinion of pills and potions, at the same time that he is denouncing those whom he considers no medicine men as if he were himself the most straightlaced and bigoted of the faithful.

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. A lively little story, with a simple plot very pleasantly worked out. There is scarcely a page of *description* in the book, but, as the author says, "how can any one be expected to write what no one ever reads when it is written?" You get acquainted with the characters by the way they talk and act,—there is no "still life" about it; it is all vivacity. The "semi-attached" hero and heroine are a very delightful couple—though perhaps not so original or entertaining as some of the other characters. Take it all in all, it is a book to keep one comfortably awake these drowsy summer days.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE—REBEL GEN. MAGRUDER REPORTED KILLED.—The Baltimore Clipper of the 12th, says:—

From an officer of the Federal army, who came passenger on the boat, we were informed that it was reported and generally believed at the Fortress, that Col. Magruder, of the Confederate forces, had been killed a few days since, during a short engagement with the Federal forces at Newport News. The rumor was more fully strengthened by a negro making his way to Newpoint in a small boat, and stating that such was the case, and that the body of the rebel chieftain had been taken to Norfolk.

Throughout yesterday the woods on Sewall's Point were burning briskly, a dense volume of smoke completely enveloping the Point. It is now thought that the woods were set on fire by the shells thrown from the Sawyer gun, placed on the Rip Raps.

During yesterday the most powerful glasses were brought to bear upon the Point to ascertain if the rebels still held possession of the place. After a careful survey of the place, not a rebel could be seen. The rascals have either deserted their stronghold, or are playing some devil's trick.

From scouts sent out yesterday, intelligence was received at headquarters that the rebels had evacuated Great Bethel, and had retired to Yorktown, where they intend to make a stand.

THE two new Virginia Senators, Willey and Carlile, have been admitted to their seats in the U. S. Senate, in the place of Hunter and Mason.

BATTLE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA

THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN—REBELS DEFEATED—GENERAL McCLELLAN NEAR BEVERLY.

ROARING RUN, VA., July 12.—A battle was fought yesterday afternoon at Rich Mountain, about two miles east of this place, where the enemy, numbering about two thousand, under the command of Col. Pegram, were strongly entrenched.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Rosencranz, with a portion of the 8th, 10th and 13th Indiana Regiments, and the 19th Ohio, left this place, and, after a very difficult march of seven or eight miles, cutting a road through the woods, succeeded in surrounding the enemy.

About 3 o'clock P. M., a desperate fight ensued, lasting about an hour and a-half, resulting in a loss of sixty of the enemy killed, a large number wounded, and many prisoners, some of whom are officers.

The enemy retreated precipitately, leaving behind them six guns, a large number of horses, wagons, camp equipage, etc.

The loss on our side is about twenty killed and forty wounded. Among the latter was Capt. Chrismiller, of the Indiana 10th.

SECOND DISPATCH.

ROARING RUN, VA., July 12.—This has been a glorious day for the old flag and our brave fellows who have rallied under it. The utmost confusion prevails here, and it is impossible to send a report of the names of the killed and wounded. As soon as the drenching rain ceased, we struck our tents, and took up our line of march from Buckhannon, in a southeasterly direction, on the main road to Staunton. The rebels, about twenty-five hundred strong, with heavy earthwork batteries, were entrenched on the western slopes of the Rich Mountain, about 17 miles east from Buckhannon, and two miles west from Beverly, which is on the east side of the mountain.

They had selected the forks of the Roaring Creek, which empties, after a northerly course, into the Tygart's Valley River, a branch of the Monongahela. The creek crosses the road in two places about a mile apart. The morning was cool and bracing, and our men were in capital spirits. Gen. Rosencranz ordered the brigade to cut a path through a thick growth of mountain pine trees, and heavy undergrowth of brush, for nearly nine miles, which occupied about ten hours. After resting at noon, we came in sight of the rebels at about four o'clock, and at once opened a heavy fire upon them with our artillery, under cover of which our men stormed their batteries.

They made a vigorous resistance, but were unable to resist the desperate assault of our Indiana troops. We have possession of their baggage, field pieces, tents and ammunition. We have also a number of prisoners. The wounded are being cared for in our hospital, and our surgeons are attending to all alike.—Gen. Rosencranz had his horse shot from under him, and the hair-breadth escapes are numerous. The loss of the rebels is about two hundred killed and wounded. Our loss is about twenty. The prisoners give gloomy accounts of the condition of their forces, and many of them seem satisfied with their capture.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The following despatch was to-day received at the head quarters of the army here:—

HEAD QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF OHIO,
RICH MOUNTAIN, 9, A. M., July 12.

COL. E. D. TOWNSEND:—We are in possession of all the enemy's works up to a point within eight miles of Beverly. We have taken all his guns, a very large amount of wagons, tents, etc., as well as everything he had, and a large number of prisoners, many of whom were wounded. Several officers are prisoners. They lost many killed. We have lost in all, perhaps twenty killed and forty wounded, of whom, all but two or three, were in the column under Rosencranz, which turned the position. The mass of the enemy escaped through the woods entirely disorganized.

Among the prisoners is Dr. Taylor, formerly of the army. Colonel Pegram was in command. Rosencranz's column left the camp yesterday morning, and marched some eight miles through the mountains, reaching the turnpike some two or three miles in the rear of the enemy, and defeating an advance force, and taking a couple of guns. I had a position ready for 12 guns near the main camp, and as the guns were moving up I ascertained that the enemy had retreated.

I am now pushing on to Beverly, a part of Rosencranz's troops being now within three miles of it. Our success is complete, and almost bloodless. I doubt whether Wise and Johnson will unite to overpower me. The behavior of the troops in the action and towards the prisoners was admirable.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

PROBABLE SURRENDER OF COL. PEGRAM'S COMMAND, NEAR BEVERLY, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The following dispatch has been received at the headquarters of the army here:—

Report of Gen. McClellan to Lieutenant General Scott, dated Beverly, July 13:—"I have received from Col. Pegram propositions for his surrender, with his officers and the remnant of his command, say 600 men. They are said to be very penitent, and determined never again to take up arms against the General Government.

"I shall have nearly nine hundred or one thousand prisoners to take care of when Pegram comes. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels in killed and wounded, some one hundred and fifty."

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The following dispatch from General McClellan was received to-day at the Army Head-quarters:—

BEVERLY, July 12th, 1861.

Col. E. D. TOWNSEND, Washington, D. C.—The success of to-day is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannons, of which one is rifled, all the enemy's camp equipage and transportation, even to his cups. The number of tents will probably reach two hundred, and more than sixty wagons. Their killed and wounded will amount to fully 150, with 100 prisoners, and more coming in constantly. I know already of ten officers killed and prisoners. Their retreat is complete.

I occupied Beverly by a rapid march. Garnett abandoned his camp early in the morning, leaving much of his equipage. He came within a few miles of Beverly, but our rapid march turned him back in great confusion, and he is now retreating on the road to St. George. I have ordered Gen. Morris to follow him up closely.

I have telegraphed for the two Pennsylvania regiments at Cumberland to join General Hill at Rowlesburg. The General is concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, and will cut off Garnett's retreat near West Union, or, if possible, at St. George.

I may say that we have driven out some 10,000 troops, strongly entrenched, with the loss of 11 killed and 35 wounded. The provision returns here show Garnett's force to have been 10,000 men. They were Eastern Virginians, Tennesseeans, Georgians, and [illegible], Carolinians. To-morrow I can give full details as to prisoners, &c.

I trust that Gen. Cox has by this time driven Wise out of the Kanawha Valley. In that case I shall have accomplished the object of liberating Western Virginia.

I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN,
Maj. Gen. commanding the Dept. of Ohio.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

GENERAL GARNETT KILLED—HIS ARMY ROUTED.

WASHINGTON, July 15, 2½ P. M.—The following important dispatch has just been received by the War Department:

HUTTONSVILLE, July 14th, 1861.

To Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General.

Dear Sir:—Gen. Garnett, of the rebel forces, has been completely defeated. We have taken all his baggage, and seven guns. His army is completely demolished. Gen. Garnett is among the killed.

The rebels are now completely annihilated in Western Virginia. Our loss is 13 killed, and not over 40 wounded. The enemy's loss is fully 200 killed, and we have taken over 1,000 prisoners.

Seven guns have been taken in all. I still look with hopes to the capture of the remnants of Garnett's army, by Gen. Hill.

The troops defeated were the crack regiments of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseeans and South Carolinians.

Our success is complete, and Secession is killed in this part of the country.

(Signed) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General U. S. A.

CINCINNATI, July 15.—Gen. Garnett was killed by an Indiana soldier, in a regular battle fought yesterday, eight miles from St. George, between the rebels and the pursuing column under Gen. McClellan.

Dispatches from Grafton state that the body of Gen. Garnett, the late commander of the rebel forces at Laurel Hill, had arrived there in a special train. He was killed while attempting to rally his retreating forces at Carrack's Ford, near St. George.

The rebels were completely routed by Gen. Morris's Division. All of their camp equipage was captured, with many prisoners, and their loss is about fifty killed. The loss on our side is four of the Ohio Fourteenth regiment killed, and a few wounded.

The rebels are now scattered in every direction.

St. George, near where the battle was fought, is the county seat of Tucker county, Virginia, and about twenty miles northeast of Beverly. It is situated on the Cheat River, near the extreme south-western corner of Maryland, and not more than fifteen miles from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Gen. Garnett was probably endeavoring to make his way towards Romney, where there is a force of the rebels.

[From a paragraph in the Richmond Whig, it appears that the Gen. Garnett, of the Southern army, is Robert S. Garnett, late Major in the U. S. army, and not the ex Congressman, as elsewhere stated.]

TWO FORGIVEN DESERTERS.—A lady of Alexandria relates the following incident, which affords a striking, but sad illustration of the effects of civil war. The lady in question has resided with an only daughter for many years in Alexandria. About nine months since, a mutual friend introduced a young gentleman of Richmond to the family. The young people soon became intimately acquainted, and, quite naturally, fell in love. The parents on both sides consenting, the parties were betrothed, and the marriage day was fixed for the 4th of July, inst. In the meantime, however, Virginians were called upon to decide on which side they would stand. The ladies declared themselves on the side of the Government, but the gentlemen joined the forces of the State. No opportunity was afforded for the interchange of sentiments between the young folks or anything settled as to their future movements. Matters thus remained till the 4th of July, when exactly within an hour of the time originally fixed for the marriage, intelligence was conveyed to the residence of the ladies that the young man had been shot by a sentry two days before, while attempting to desert and join his bride. His betrothed did not shed a tear, but standing erect, smiled, and then remarking to her mother, "I am going to desert too," fell to the floor, while the life blood bubbled from her lips, and on Monday her remains were conveyed to their last resting place.

OCCUPATION OF FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE BY UNION TROOPS.—WASHINGTON, July 13.—A thousand of the sturdy lumbermen of Maine, selected from the five regiments from that State, and composed [illegible] well-trained hewers from the Aroost[illegible]roscogin and the Kennebec, suppor[illegible]quadron of regular cavalry, are now in possession of Fairfax Court House, which they occupied without a contest. They found the road covered with obstructions, felled trees, strong abatis across the roads, and in some instances entrenchments. The brawny arms of the Maine lumbermen, armed with axes, cleared the roads from these obstructions as they went along. The rebels left the place 24 hours before our forces entered. This is a forward march in good earnest.

A dense column of smoke was observed from high points in the city in the direction of Fairfax Court House, between three and four o'clock this afternoon. By many it is supposed to indicate an engagement in that neighborhood, but as no intelligence to that effect has been received from our correspondent on that score, of course it was all smoke.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Near Laurel Hill, on the 10th, a skirmish took place between some Ohio and Indiana troops, of Gen. McClellan's outposts, and a Georgia regiment, in which the latter, after suffering seriously, retreated in disorder, and could not be brought up to the scratch again. The rebel army was very strongly entrenched in a formidable position, and General McClellan divided his army into two columns, to march from different points upon them and storm their works, with what result is told in the victory at Rich Mountain.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 14th, via Baltimore.—I learn from Col. Benedix, at Newport News, that twelve men and two lieutenants, belonging to his regiment are still missing. They have doubtless been killed or taken prisoners.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The result of inquiries in military quarters this morning is that Fairfax Court House is not yet occupied by the Federal troops.

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The two Misses Scott, who seduced the gallant Connecticut soldier from the camp recently, were arrested last night, and brought into camp, but were released to-day, by order of the President, as they asserted, "on their honor," they did not entice the soldier off—he going voluntarily.

THE rebel pirate Sumter was at Cienfuegos, Cuba, on the 6th, with seven brigs and barques as prizes. She had also burned a ship. She left next day. Why is not the navy enlarged at once out of the numerous vessels anxious to be enlisted in the service?

EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

A BALLAD FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Oh! how the Past comes over me—
How the Old Days draw nigh:
Tramping along in battalia—
Marching the legions by,
With the drums of the Old Time beating,
And the Old Flag waving high!
And down from the mountain gorges,
And up from woodlands low,
Mustering for Liberty's Conflict—
Eighty-five years ago!

Out of the streets of Lexington
I see the red-coats wheel;
And, back from the lines of Bunker,
Where Continentals kneel
And pray, with their iron musketry,
I see the red-coats reel;
And, reddening all the greensward,
I mark the life-blood flow
From the bosom of martyr'd Warren—
Eighty-five years ago!

Hearken to Starke, of Hampshire:
"Ho! comrades all!" quoth he—
"King George's Hessian hirelings,
On yonder plains, ye see!
We'll beat them, boys! or Mary Stark
A widow this night shall be!"
And then, like a clap of thunder,
He broke upon the foe,
And he won the Battle of Bennington—
Eighty-five years ago!

Down from the wild Green Mountains
Our fearless eagle swooped—
Down on Ticonderoga
Bold Ethan Allen stooped,
And the royal red-cross banner
Beneath his challenge drooped!
And the stout old border fortress
He gained, without a blow,
"In the name of the Great Jehovah!"—
Eighty-five years ago!

Out from the resonant belfry
Of Independence Hall,
Sounded the tongue of a brazen bell,
Bidding good patriots all
To give the Oppressed their Freedom,
And loosen every thrall;
And the voice of brave John Hancock,
Preached to the People below,
The Gospel of Independence—
Eighty-five years ago!

And out from Sullivan's Island,
From dark palmetto fen,
I hear the roar of cannonry,
And the rifle-shots again;
And the voice of valiant Moultrie,
And the shouts of Marion's men!
And I see our stricken banner
Snatched from the ditch below,
By the hand of Sergeant Jasper—
Eighty-five years ago!

So, the Old Days come over me—
The Past around me rolls;
And the spell of a glorious History
My yearning sense controls,
And I sing of the Grand Example
Of old and loyal souls!
When the land we love lies bleeding,
And we hear her heart's wild throe,
Let us think of the Old, Old Union—
Eighty-five years ago!

—*N. Y. Leader.*

JEFF. DAVIS'S TRIAL!

Being an Account of his Secret Capture and Catechism before the "KNIGHTS OF THE IRON CIRCLE!"

AT MONTGOMERY, ALA.; AND RECOMMENDED TO THE SOLICITOUS PERUSAL OF THE

"KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE."

One evening, not long since, as the great cock turkey of the Southern States was walking alone along the streets of Montgomery, thinking of the spurs he was to win when he should get them, their probable length, and how he should term the Empire of America, after he had annihilated or subdued all the Yankees and had become monarch of all he surveyed, he was accosted by a well-dressed, white-haired, highly polite and respectable old gentleman, who, in a bland voice, said—

"Good evening to your Excellency! I perceive you are enjoying the evening air, after the intellectual fatigues of the day. Long may you live to enjoy it. Speedy be the day when your patriotic Excellency may find a respite from the enormous cares of State which must now weigh so heavily upon your chivalric and truly Southern mind. Pardon my warmth, but these are the irrepressible sentiments of a true-born Southeron, who cannot gaze upon the adored form of the savior of the South, without feeling an inclination to—to—say something."

Jeff. Davis stared at this odd salutation, smiled at the word "irrepressible," and grimly thought of Seward.

"I thank you for your good wishes, my friend," said he. "I am indeed resting from my labors, which have been very severe of late."

"No doubt. Perish the accursed Yankees who have caused you so much trouble!"

"Amen!" said Jeff Davis, gritting his teeth.

"It is fortunate that I have met your Excellency just here," continued the mild-voiced old gentleman, "for I have, within a few moments, been conversing with a Northern man, lately arrived from Washington, who has been in the confidence of old Abe Lincoln, and is familiar with his plans against us secessionists. I think you ought to see him."

"Where is he?" asked Jeff., pricking up his ears. "I should like to."

"I can accompany you to him. He is near by."

"Lead on," said Jeff., in a martial voice. "Has he any friends with him?"

"Not a friend. He has just rented a house here, for here he is well known, and here he means to live and die. You must have heard of him—Old Arnold Bloodskin."

The name sounded well to the ears of Jeff., but he shook his head negatively, and they walked a short distance further.

They passed through a long green lane, in the suburbs of the city, in which Jeff. had been fearlessly walking (though there was nobody there) and approached an old-fashioned house near which there was no other habitation. The house itself looked deserted.

"That is the house. He will be surprised to meet such a distinguished personage. Though he told me he was determined soon to see you and tell all!"

"What *I* do is always done quickly," replied Jeff., proudly.

The old gentleman entered without knocking—"he wished to surprise Bloodskin," he said—and Jeff., with an instinctive touch of his knife and revolver, followed, and they went up stairs. A knock at a door admitted them, and—in the next instant Jeff Davis, President of the Seceshers, found himself a disarmed and pinioned prisoner, in a large apartment in which were twelve men, in masks.

"How? Betrayed!" he exclaimed, with a brief struggle. "Who are you. What would you do? I'll call for help, if you don't release me at once, and have every one of you hung. Release me!"

At this threat each one of the mysterious twelve drew a bowie-knife and a six shooter, and Jeff., suddenly computing the amount of mischief which could be done with twelve blades and seventy-two pistol shots, concluded to keep quiet, even before the verbal reply to his futile menace.

"Sit down, Child of the Oligarchical Republic, and remain demure and quiescent, while you undergo a catechismical trial by a jury of your countrymen, bold Chief of the Seceshers. You ask who we are. Know, oh, King of the Kocklofty Birds, that we are part and portion of the new Southern Order, called, congnominated and designified the 'Knights of the Iron Circle,' and we wear our masks for fear the moon might tan our faces. Squat."

And with an expression of mingled rage, alarm, and contempt at the language used toward him, Jeff Davis squatted on a bench.

The old gentleman who had entrapped him into such disagreeable society stood by his side, and with a smiling face whispered in his ear, that if he did not behave with due respect toward the Knights he should feel bound to put a bullet or two into the side of his "Presidential" head.

The twelve men in masks arranged themselves, seated in a semi circle before him; and by the light of twelve candles, on two tables at each wing, the examination proceeded.

"Mr. Ex-Soger, Ex Senator, Ex-Secretary Davis, your most excellent Excellency is about to be tried by a jury of your countrymen, and if you answer quietly, you may be let off; otherwise—dead men tell no tales."

Jeff.'s fancy is luminous at times, especially under the influence of secession whiskey; and he now fancied what a determined expression must lurk beneath those ugly masks—and merely answered, "Proceed!"

And the proceedings continued—after one of the Black Masks had whistled "The Star Spangled Banner," in a very powerful and unctuous manner, the whole thirteen joining in the chorus.

"Having enlivened your Excellency, we will now endeavor to dissect you a little. We desire you to answer categorically and not dogmatically. Are you aware, sir, that your whole public life has been a series of miserable cheats? You have not only cheated yourself, but the hangman and everybody else, of his due? Did you fancy that because you added your little drop in the bucket in the Mexican war, that you were the greatest, the only soldier in it? Of course you did; and you have been blown up with military conceit ever since. You have even declared that you wished to measure lances with our great and glorious Scott, the most thorough and experienced soldier of the age, whom in your irreverent pride you have called the greatest humbug."

Jeff. evinced great restiveness at mention of the man he thinks his "rival," as a dunghill cock might feel nervous at sight of the broad-winged Eagle. But he held his tongue.

"You are of course aware, Mister Would-Be Bonaparte, that Old Zach Taylor despised and hated you, long before you ran off with his daughter. He and she are both in Heaven now, and reconciled, I hope, where you can never go. Having ran off with the Old Hero's daughter and seen her in the grave, you have run off with several daughters of Uncle Sam, himself—God pity you!—and if they follow your lead, you will see them also in the grave."

Jeff. writhed and groaned a little.

"Perhaps the first among the many disgraces you have brought upon the country, was your infamous stumping of the State of Mississippi, advising her to turn swindler and repudiate her honest foreign debts, which she did, and in consequence brought ignominy upon the whole American name. It is a wonder to all good men that a man like you could ever after have the confidence of any considerable number of sober men. But the devil never forsakes his own, they say, and the Senate and even the Cabinet have since been polluted by your presence, to the lasting injury of the country. Now what could be expected but final and unblushing treason, from a head and heart like yours? Where is the good man who respects you? What good man could you ever sympathise with, in reality? While in power, under the Federal Government, you used that power it gave to plunder, undermine, defame and destroy it. You have raised your ingrate hand against the fairest fabric of government that God has permitted human wisdom to frame. Upon a land the most prosperous in the world, you have been a chief means of bringing the direst curse, Civil War. Horrible traitor! Detestable parricide! Viper in human form, you are a living lie!"

"You shall live to repent this, you black-masked rascal!" screamed Davis, in a rage, starting from his seat—into which he was immediately coerced again, by the click of the old gentleman's revolver.

"You will not live to see it then," calmly replied his denouncer. "If you have courage enough ever to face your patriotic countrymen on the field of battle, though you had a million lives, you would never escape to tell the tale. But your most probable death will be at the hands of the Southerners you have misled, whom you are plunging into wretchedness and ruin, and who will yet seek to avenge themselves on their unscrupulous and selfish betrayer. A Southern hangman or assassin will yet wreak upon you the doom you have advised for others."

Here the speaker resumed his seat, and another arose.

"Our brother has spoken well, but he has forborne to put several questions to you, which I hope your Confederated Majesty may possibly make shift to answer. You may answer them separately or in a lump, or not at all. I merely ask for information. Why didn't you abide by the result of the Presidential election, when it was indisputably fair? Why did you plan the plunder of Government property? Has the Government ever injured you or the South? If you had any cause of complaint against parties or individual States, had you ever any against the General Government? On the contrary, have not the majority of the Administrations been Democratic, and never at any time, till now, of the Free Soil order? Where do the great majority of well-educated Southerners go for their education? Is it not to the colleges of the North? Who bore the brunt of the Revolutionary War? Was it not the North? What General wrested the South from British domination? Was it not Greene, of Rhode Island? Under whose protecting ægis was the South made prosperous, and almost created? Was it not that of the National Eagle, the National Administration, the National Flag, against which you have raised your base hand? Pitiful creature! If your mind was not benighted by the poisonous nature of your corrupt heart, you would see and shudder at the unparalleled immortality of infamy you have won for yourself. Failing all hope of being President, and hating the greatness of patriots with whom you could never presume to compete, you have aspired to the fame of a military despot, a Catiline, an Arnold; though even the paltry elevation you have thus far attained has not been received from the people you profess to represent. Self-elected, self willed and self conceited man, though the meridian of your infamy may not yet be reached, you have found the meridian of your power; which will soon crumble to dust, scattered, like your hopes and your worthless existence, before the sweeping vengeance of Union men."

"Perhaps his Royal Excellency would like a suck of whiskey from my private bottle?" here suggested one of the mystic masks, advancing, bottle in hand. "Prime Old Bourbon, your Glory. I know you're fond of a sup. That last lick was a sockdologer, don't you think so, Jeff.? Honor bright?"

But his "Excellency" refused; looking several annihilating, cut-throat President's Messages at him and his confreres.

"Well, that's uncivil. But perhaps, as I'm so kind, you'll be kind enough to answer *me* an interrogation point or two. What's your opinion of the 'chivalry' of poisoning and assassination, getting drunk, lying, stealing, boasting, lynching, robbery, piracy and treason, forcing men to enlist and hanging back yourself? How much foreign aid will you be able to get? And how much foreign credit will you be likely to get, on the strength of a repudiator's reputation? If the South is so rich as you have said, why does she need aid? If she can whip the Yankees, ten to one, as you declare, do you hang back from mercy, or expect them soon to surrender without a blow?"

Here a variety of questions were put by other members of the "jury."

"How long before you are going to put the Seceah flag on top of Faneuil Hall?"

"Where do you expect to dine next fourth of July?"

"When are you going to take the Capital?"

"Do you reckon that Abe Lincoln is altogether too *long* for this world?"

"What odds are you going to give General Scott when you beat him?"

"If it takes six months for seven thousand men to whip seventy men, how long will it take ten million to conquer twenty million?"

"Can a Yankee fight almost as well as a Mexican?"

"What's your opinion of Major Anderson, Baltimore, Ben. Butler, Captain Lyon, and things, and the present state of mind in Western Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri?"

"Is a Northern laboring man as good as a Southern lazy-bones?"

"How much cotton do you expect to export this year, now that the blockade has begun?"

"As the European world is on the verge of a war, do you suppose France or some other Power will make a high bid for your military genius?"

"Which do you reckon the world thinks the greatest man—Jeff. Davis or George Washington?"

"Do you think you are a better friend to humanity than Daniel Webster or Henry Clay?"

"What do you suppose Old Hickory would do if he had hold of you?"

"Why didn't you wait till a National Convention, state your case, and then *secesh* like a gentleman?"

"Do you intend to sneak out of the Confederacy as you did out of the Union?"

"Will you enlist for the Northern armies, or be lynched immediately here in this room?"

"Answer us, separately, or in a lump."

"You may, one and all of you, individually and collectively, go to the devil!" roared the irreligious prisoner, jumping up, unable to contain himself longer, and making use of his favorite style of eloquence. "Lynch me, curse you, if you will; but if I live, and don't pay you all off, may I be eternally—"

A general levelling of revolvers checked him.

"Don't be rash, don't swear," whispered the old gentleman; "it isn't President-like."

"I'll slaughter every man, woman and child in the North!" raved Jeff. "You've kidnapped me, you hounds!"

"How many hundreds have been kidnapped by your sanction, miserable traitor?" was the stern reply: "and been beggared, imprisoned, maimed and slain? We now intend to gag you, and leave you here till your satellites shall find you, while we leave this despicable region for a more congenial clime. Beware! One shout for help, and you die, and rob the gallows of its due!"

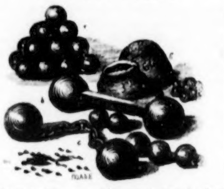
In a few seconds the King of the Seceshers was made mute, and fastened to a chair, bound hand and foot. Before him, on a table, were placed the candles, an open copy of the Bible, and the Constitution of the United States; and round his head, by way of night-cap, was pinned the American flag.

"Good-by, Jeff!" cried all. "Hope to meet you again, at the foot of the scaffold. So the sooner you hurry up North the better. A parting serenade, boys!"

And after whistling Yankee Doodle vigorously in his ears, the Knights of the Iron Circle left him alone in his glory.

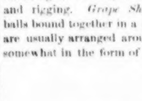
He was sought and found next day, but no trace of the Knights could be obtained. The story was hushed up—and Jeff. don't go out alone now.—*True Flag.*

SHOT AND SHELL.

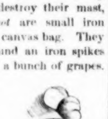


r, Round Shot—g, Grape Shot—b, Bar Shot—c, Chain Shot—m, Musket Balls.

Projectiles, signify anything thrown or *projected*. Shot and shell are the principal projectiles used in cannon. *Round Shot* are solid spherical iron balls of different weights, from two to more than a hundred pounds. The sizes most employed in battles on the open field, weigh from four to twelve pounds. The guns from which they are thrown are called *Light Artillery*. Heavier shot are used in *Heavy Artillery*, for battering down fortifications, sinking vessels, etc. *Bar Shot* consist of two round shot joined by a solid bar, like a dumb-bell. *Chain Shot*, are two round shot linked together by a chain. These are used mostly for firing at vessels, to destroy their mast, and rigging. *Grape Shot* are small iron balls bound together in a canvas bag. They are usually arranged around an iron spikes somewhat in the form of a bunch of grapes.

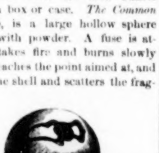


CANISTER.



HAND GRENADE.

Canister or *Case Shot* are iron bullets enclosed in a tin box or case. *The Common Shell*, or *Bomb*, is a large hollow sphere of iron, filled with powder. A fuse is attached, which takes fire and burns slowly until the shell reaches the point aimed at, and then explodes the shell and scatters the fragments.



A SHELL.

In the improved shell, the fuse is made of powder ground fine, and closed between two metal plates, and fitted to the opening in the shell. The inner plate has an opening leading to the powder within the shell, and the outer one is marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4. Before the gunner puts it into the cannon, he pierces the plate at one of these figures, at 1 if he desires the shell to explode in one second, at 2 for two seconds, and so on. *Shrapnell* or *Spherical Case*, are large hollow shot filled with lead bullets, and containing a small charge of powder, to which a fuse is attached. When fired, the powder just breaks the shell in the air, and the bullets fly on with the impetus received from the powder in the cannon, but "scatter" so as to cover a considerable space. *The Carcasse*, is a shell pierced with several holes and containing some highly inflammable ingredients, which are set on fire by the burning fuse. It continues to send out flames for several minutes, and is used for setting buildings or ships on fire. Round shot are sometimes heated red hot and fired for the same purpose; and recently hollow, thin shells filled with melted iron, have been used. *The Hand Grenade* is a small thin shell filled with balls and powder, and fitted with a fuse. It is thrown by hand, the fuse having first been lighted. It is used to drive off attacking parties from a fort or vessel, to throw over breast works, or into forts, and is a formidable weapon.

☞ Shillaber's London burying establishment advertises to furnish funerals at one charge, to suit "any scale of pomp or humility desired."

THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

Coldly comes the March wind—
Coldly from the north—
Yet the cottage little ones
Gaily venture forth:
Free from cloud the firmament,
Free from sorrow they,
The playful children choosing
The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the North wind
Naked boughs among,
Like a tale of mournfulness
Told in mournful song!
But the merry little ones,
Happy things are they,
Singing like the lark, on
The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop—
Daffodils like gold—
Primroses and Crocuses
Cheerfully unfold:
Poor? those cottage little ones?
Poor? no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

Coldly oft the winds blow
On *the way of life*,
Spreading in the wilderness,
Care, and pain, and strife;
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing like the little ones,
The sunny side the way.

TWO WAYS.

There are two ways of dealing with our fellow men, both of which may be considered honest. One is to give your neighbor his due, but not a cent more. In shovelling the snow from the sidewalk, take care and not shovel any from before his house. Stop exactly at the line, and give him to understand that he must shovel his own snow. Pursue the same policy in everything, and let him know that he has a neighbor who will not suffer his rights to be trampled on. The result is natural. You stir up the same spirit in him. He looks out for his rights as jealously as you do for yours; and you soon find that you have got one of the least accommodating, one of the meanest and most obstinate of neighbors in the world; while he entertains precisely the same opinion of you.

The other way is to deal, not exactingly, but generously. Always be willing to pay all the things you purchase is worth; and show less anxiety about paying too much than about paying too little. Shovel the snow from before both houses, when convenient, and don't look as if you expected some grateful return for the favor. Feel that it is a pleasure to accommodate your neighbors in all things possible; and that, in matters of slight misunderstanding, it is always better magnanimously to surrender your rights than to indulge in a petty quarrel. You will soon find that also in this case you will stir up a similar spirit in those you deal with; and that, instead of jealousies and complaints of each other, which are the curse of a neighborhood, you and your friends will imitate each other in doing kind offices.

Or if this does not result, you will still be the gainer. You will gain a noble and serene spirit of toleration, which will be worth more to you than all the trifles there may be dispute about. Your charity and generosity will be reflected back upon yourself; and the more liberally you treat those who use you ill, the larger and warmer your heart will become, and the sweeter and worthier your life.

THE PLANETARY SYSTEM.—Sir John Herschel gives the following "illustration calculated to convey a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of our planetary system:"—"Choose any well-levelled field; on it place a globe, two feet in diameter—this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle eighty-two feet distant from the Sun; Venus, a pea, one hundred and forty-two feet; the Earth, also a pea, two hundred and fifteen feet; Mars, a rather large pin's head, three hundred and twenty-seven feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in distances from five hundred to six hundred feet; Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, nearly a quarter of a mile away; Saturn, a small orange, distant two-fifths of a mile; Uranus, a full-sized cherry, or small plum, more than three quarters of a mile; and Neptune, a good-sized plum, about one mile and a quarter from the centre. To imitate the motions of the planets in the above orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41 seconds; Venus, in 4 minutes 14 seconds; the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in 4 minutes 48 seconds; Jupiter, 2 hours 56 minutes; Saturn, in 3 hours 13 minutes; Uranus, in 2 hours 16 minutes; and Neptune, in 3 hours 30 minutes."

MODEL SIGN.—An ingenious cobbler, in Steilacoom, Washington Territory, managed to study out a plan to paint a sign for his shop, and save the expense of painting several letters. It is as follows:—

E
S H O
P

The sign is characteristic of the proprietor, says the Puget Sound Herald, who is known as a man of very few words, whose conversation rarely extends beyond monosyllables, and who is very provident of even them.

STRIPES.—The three stripes on the secession flag are thus described by a New York divine:—

First Stripe.—Repudiation—We won't pay our debts.

Second Stripe.—Secession—We won't obey the laws.

Third Stripe.—Privateering—Twenty-five dollars for a live soldier, and twenty dollars for a dead one.

ANECDOTE OF WELLINGTON.

I remember a wooden-legged soldier, whom I once saw defend the Duke of Wellington in a mob. But I must tell you the story. In the spring of 1827, I was spending an extra vacation in London, and thus I witnessed the mobbing of this great man. I suppose you have thought that the Iron Duke had only successes, and laudations, and honors in this world. Not so. He had not been the Iron Duke, if he had not been hardened by moral conflict, as well as by warlike combat. At the time I was in London, the Duke had given his voice for Catholic Emancipation, consequently he had made himself obnoxious to the bigoted rabble. Sectarian preachers preached against him day and night, from pulpit, stand and stump, about treason, Popery and the like, until the poor ignorant masses imagined that they must be bitted and bridled by a Pope and priesthood, and ridden to the death, if Catholics were treated like human beings. Wellington had thrown his great influence in the scale for Emancipation, consequently the mob determined to revenge what they considered their wrongs on him. The animus of a mob is more frequently a mistake, than a wickedness. One morning in February, I noticed threatening crowds near the Pall Mall gate, not far from the statue of Achilles. This statue was cast from cannons taken in the Iron Duke's various battles, and was dedicated "To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, by the Women of England." I determined to watch the Duke, and see what was going to be done. Punctual to the moment he descended the steps of Apsley House, his residence. His appearance was imposing. He was at the head of the Cabinet, Premier of England, and he was *par excellence* the first man in England.

"It was a drizzly morning. He wore a blue frock coat, buttoned up to the c..., a military stock, and brown pantaloons. His falcon eye surveyed the excited groups about the Park gate, with a sort of pleasant contempt. The mob were either awed by his appearance and prestige, or they had not yet screwed their courage to the insulting point. The Duke passed on horseback, attended by his faithful valet. Nobody molested him till he reached his office. There the mob hissed him, but when he turned around and faced them, the hissing ceased. He then quietly entered his office. As I knew the hour he would leave Downing street to return to the Park, I was there in due season. The neighborhood of the Horse Guards probably deterred a good many of the excited fanatics from gathering about the office, but numbers were gathered. The Duke, who was punctuality itself, came out at the appointed moment, and mounted his horse, amid groans and hisses. After he passed the Horse Guards, the noise increased to shouts. When he passed Charing Cross, and entered Pall Mall, the mob began to throw missiles and dirt. Near Pall Mall gate, there was a whirlpool of human beings, eddying round in strange, wild, and yet in a sort of symmetrical confusion. I feared they would murder him there. As he approached the gate, a good deal spattered with mud and dirt, the mob, as if compelled by some higher power than that of earth, made a lane for him to pass. For a moment he was very near them. For that moment they seemed awed, and appeared to relent. But when he had entered the gate, their violence rose to fury. He dismounted with difficulty, placed his back against the rails of the statue of Achilles, and calmly faced his furious assailants. I shall never forget that moment. Thoughts and feelings took a mastery of my nature then, that have swayed me ever since. Not one word did he utter. There was no shrinking—not even a cloud of apprehension upon that glorious face. Oh, how infinitely small and contemptible his assailants looked! How great is man! How little are men!

There was a lull in the storm of shouts, and missiles and dirt, and an old Irishman, with a wooden leg, hustled his way to the side of the Duke. This man sold apples and oranges by Hyde Park gate, and his basket had been upset by the mob. When he had reached the Iron Duke he stood by his side, and unbound his wooden leg, and made a speech that immediately subdued the monsters. He began:—

"My curse on you for cowardly scoundrels! If ye have pluck come and fight me. Let there be two of us against ye all. Begorra come and kill uz both. This is your fair play! This is English justice! thousands against one. Think of Waterloo. But for him and uz, Boney would have beaten ye. I've got my wooden leg for fightin' for ye, ye villins—and ye are goin' to pay him by murderin' him, ye bloody scoundrels! Come on, but come one at a time, not like cowards and ruffians as ye are, altogether—"

The speech was a mighty success. The mob was ashamed, and calmed, and began to sneak away. Wellington gave a smile of recognition to the man who had saved his life, and ever afterward he amply provided for him, as he did for many others out of his own private fortune, in his own quiet, noiseless way.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—During the hard-fought battle of Bennington, in the first Revolution, two brothers fought side by side, protected by the trunk of a fallen tree. The oldest was a man of prayer, but the other was not. Baume's Indian allies were in ambush, picking off the Americans, when the elder brother got sight of one of them, and taking a long aim, lifted up his heart and voice in prayer, saying, "Lord have mercy on that Indian's soul!"

The other brother got a shot at another Indian at the same moment, and as his ball entered his head, he bit off the end of his cartridge to load again, and said, "There is another Indian gone to the devil."

☞ A "CROWNER'S QUEST."—A Western coroner, in his report of an inquest, as published, declared that the deceased "died by the visitation of God in the natural manner, and not otherwise."

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Each has his own one path in life,
A circle lies within his ken—
And a small circle, too, perchance—
We cannot all be famous men!
And duties are not truly done
By panting vainly after fame,
Or fretting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake and find
The time for real endeavor gone!
Better to fill a lowly place,
And labor there with soul and heart,
Than dream ambitiously of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act a hero's part,
Amid the daily toil and strife!
Aye, amid hourly din and care,
Even though within the humblest home,
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever gilded ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage;
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flaming golden page!
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which ten-tongued rumor never yet
Hath blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conquest, self-devotion—these
Are the high gifts which give to all
Who own them that well-tempered mind,
Prepared alike to win or fall—
Prepared, with fitting mein, to meet
The happy good or bitter ill;
Unshaken, whether fate the cup
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in loftier truth,
Is a sure talisman in life,
To guard and strengthen heart and brain
In time of hourly din and strife;
All stations they alike befit—
The peasant's cot or monarch's throne—
To every man a priceless gift
They bring, in self-respect alone!

—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXIX.

We are encompassed on all sides by wonders, and we can scarcely set our foot upon the ground without trampling upon some marvellous production that our whole life and all our faculties would not suffice to comprehend. * * * But there is one class of these wonders with which, from their comparatively rare occurrence, we do not become familiar; and these, according to the character of the mind to which they are presented, are frequently either deemed as ridiculous and impossible, or receive as evidence of supernatural interference—interruptions of those general laws by which God governs the universe; which latter mistake arises from our only seeing these facts without the links that connect them with the rest of nature, just as, in the faint light of a starlit night, we might distinguish the tall mountains that lift their crests high in the sky, though we could not discern the low chain of hills that unite them with each other.

—*Mrs. Crowe.*

It was indeed the form of Lady Maud St. Clair which swiftly and almost noiselessly approached the spot where Erle and old Pengreep stood gazing with awe upon the sad spectacle the antique chest had disclosed to their wondering eyes. She appeared to be hurriedly attired, and was habited in the same dress which she had worn when first Erle met her in this ancient chamber. It was as though on this occasion she had donned it with some fixed motive. Erle had but time to motion Pengreep to retire into the deep shadow of a recess when she reached his side.

He looked upon her piteously wan, pallid face, and his heart sank within him. Her long fair hair was dishevelled and hung about her shoulders in wild disorder, and lent to her thin features a ghostly character. Her eyes, which were fixed upon him, were glassy and rigid, and he perceived, by the absence of all expression, that she was once more under the influence of a fit of somnambulism.

She paused as she reached the chest, and her lips moved tremulously, but he could not gather from her imperfect articulation a single word. She appeared to be conscious of the presence of some being, but not of his, for she turned her head slowly, as though she followed with her eyes some moving object, until her face was presented to the antique chest. Then her eyes slowly upturned, until they rested on space above the huge trunk, and there they remained fixed until a soft, radiant smile lit up her pale, transparent face.

Then she stretched out her hand towards Erle. Intuitively he took it—how icy cold it was. Her thin fingers clutched his, and she bent her face towards him.

"Kneel," she whispered, sinking at the same moment slowly upon her knees.

As instinctively as he had taken her hand he bent his knee and knelt beside her, and upraised his eyes to the place upon which hers were fixed. Whether he saw aught not usually disclosed to human eyes, he never afterwards mentioned, but no sooner had his gazed fastened upon the spot to which hers were turned than the pupils of his eyes dilated, his face grew white as Lady Maud's, large drops of glittering perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his limbs quivered, trembled violently. A feeble cry burst from his lips, and for an instant he looked as if he would fall to the ground in a swoon.

But Lady Maud trembled, too, like an aspen, and she drew closer to him, until her weak frame rested against his shoulder. He placed his arm about her waist tenderly to support her, and he turned his eyes from the object on which he had been gazing upon hers. The same radiant smile of felicity curved her small, delicate lips, and seemingly in an ecstasy of happiness, she breathed, in murmuring accents—"Thine! thine alone, and for ever!"

He bowed his head low; it may have been to conceal the throng of emotions which struggled in his bosom—it may have been to receive some invisible benediction. A plaintive, tremulous voice, ascending from behind him, chanted in sweet and feeble tones—

"By God's holy grace the heir of the race,
The wronged to right,
His own to regain,
In sorrow and pain,
Has fought the fight,
And has solved the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

At this moment a wild and piercing shriek rang through the still and solemn chamber. Erle hurriedly cast his eyes up to one who stood with extended arms stretched over him, looking spectral and weird-like, as of an age long past. It was Eldra.

But it was not she who shrieked. Erle caught a glimpse of a dark object flitting past him, but he felt the form of Lady Maud quivering and shuddering violently, and he turned his eyes upon her face. Her features for a moment appeared convulsed, her eyelids closed over her rigid eyes, and fluttered and trembled as though her spirit was passing from her mortal frame into a happier and more blissful region.

Suddenly she opened her eyelids, and looked at him with a startled, wondering expression, full in the eyes. "Is not this a dream?" she murmured.

"No—no, beloved," he whispered, drawing her close to his heart.

"Then it is death!" she ejaculated, and relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Erle, bewildered, half distracted, rose up with the inanimate form of Lady Maud in his arms. He looked wildly round him. "Shall I not call for help?" he cried, as much in soliloquy as that he addressed any-one near to him.

"Be calm—it is at hand. See!" exclaimed Eldra, in a low tone, as she pointed to one who approached them.

The shriek, although it had made the blood of Erle run cold, had no unearthly origin. It had been uttered by Lady Maud's maid Harebell, who, waking, caught a glimpse of her mistress gliding from the chamber. Hurriedly attiring herself, she followed her, and entered the library, to see her kneeling by the side of one she supposed to have been murdered, and whose apparition she firmly believed she now saw.

She fell back on to the floor in a swoon, and Pengreep, who caught sight of her advancing in an attitue of terror, heard her scream, saw her fall, guessed the cause, and rushed to her assistance. He raised her and brought her in his arms to where Erle and Eldra stood, and he whispered—"Don't be alarmed—it is only an attendant. What shall be done? Shall I restore her, or suffer her to remain in this faint until you have conveyed Lady Maud to a place of safety."

"Restore her if you can," exclaimed Erle, imperatively.

"I keep nostrums for these occasions," muttered Pengreep. "They are so useful." A touch of his old character returned to him at the moment.

Erle laid Maud's pale, inanimate face upon his shoulder and folded his arms around her as if to shield her from all possible harm, while old Pengreep produced from a pocket a small phial, with some of the contents of which he moisted the temples and nostrils of Harebell.

The effects appeared magical, for the drug, whatever it might have been, was potent. Harebell opened her eyes, and gazed about her with a wild and frightened expression. It was only by persevering and earnest efforts that her scattered senses were brought within control. When she was made to comprehend that Erle had not been murdered; that he was not dead; that it was he himself, real flesh and blood, who stood before her, she burst into tears of unfeigned joy. "The Lord is bountiful," she sobbed; "He is merciful, He is good. We shall save Lady Maud's life now."

"Not if we keep her here," said Erle, urgently. "Guide me with quiet steps to her apartments. I will bear her thither, and resign her to your charge the moment that we reach them. Her ladyship has wandered in her sleep hither. Your sudden shriek aroused her; her eyes, on opening, lighted on my face, she recognized it, and the sudden shock of meeting me thus has thrown her into a swoon."

Erle uttered these words rapidly, but Harebell heard and under-stood them. She appeared to comprehend the situation with more clearness than before, although she was quite at a loss to conceive how or wherefore Erle and his strange looking companions had entered the old haunted library in the dead hour of the night. She saw vividly, too, the necessity of restoring Lady Maud to her chamber, and said, hurriedly—"Be pleased to follow me, sir; and oh, if you please, don't make a noise to alarm the household, or the consequences will be awful."

Erle raised Maud tenderly in his arms. She seemed to him no heavier than a child; and blissfully, notwithstanding the circumstances, he bore his precious burden until he reached the door of her apartment, when he gently consigned her to the arms of Harebell, and whispered—"Use such restoratives as you possess without the loss of a moment's time, and should you find that you cannot promptly recover her ladyship from her swoon, summon medical assistance without the smallest delay. When she returns to her senses, should any allusion be made by her to her visit to the library, treat it as a dream; but break to her as gently as you can that though wounded, I live; that the clouds which have enshrouded my early life are passing swiftly away, and that sunshine will gladden and glorify my coming day."

Harebell hardly waited to the close of his remarks before she disappeared with her young mistress; Erle gazed to the last upon the marble-pale face, looking so like death, and so beautiful even in that condition. The door shut her from his sight, and he turned and retraced his steps to the library.

When he re-entered it he beheld Pengreep and Eldra standing like grim sentinels each by the side of the ancient black oak chest. They stood as silent and motionless as the panoplied figures which were placed at intervals down the chamber. It was easy for him to see, even by the feeble rays of the lamp, but which dimly displayed their features, that some deeply-agonizing revelation or explanation had during his brief absence passed between them. The face of old Pengreep appeared as if it had been transformed into a rigid visage carved in new hewn stone, while adown the ashen, furrowed face of the aged Eldra large tears, brilliant and scalding, chased each other slowly.

Both turned their bright, penetrating eyes on him as he reached them, but neither attempted to offer the slightest allusion to the subject of their communion. Whatever it might have been, it remained concealed within their own bosoms, and it perished with them.

After a brief but awe commanding silence, Eldra slowly raised her hand, and with her crooked, talon-like finger, pointed to the still open chest. Addressing Erle, she said, in solemn tone—"The spirit of the murdered innocent will not slumber in peace while her unburied remains lie crammed within yon unhallowed receptacle. The task to see them laid in a consecrated sepulchre, under the sacred ministrations of a holy priest of heaven, is thine. Until then the perturbed phantoms of the slayer and slain will wander in desolate unrest over the places in which during life they loved to roam. Until then the cloud upon the House will frown over its roof. But when that duty has been fulfilled, then the great bell of Kingswood Hall, silent for generations, shall peal forth in grand tones a joyful recognition of the heir of the proud race, which, in glory and in gloom, has carried its destinies through a dozen centuries. In that hour peace will be brought to my crushed heart, the agonies of a long and weary pilgrimage will be brought to a close. I, too, shall lay my head down without a sigh, happy in knowing that this weak and palsed frame is passing away into dust; happier yet in the knowledge that all bearing the until now tainted and accursed name of Kingswood who come after me will live in blissful peace and serenity; happiest of all, that the unknown son has become known, that the wronged will have been righted, and that Heaven may be henceforth in humble earnestness addressed with prayers for the repose of the souls of those who have sinned and suffered."

Erle folded his arms across his breast and sank slowly upon his knees. He upturned his eyes to heaven, and in tones which trembled with the intense emotion which inspired his words, ejaculated—"Have mercy, father!"

Eldra and Pengreep both simultaneously bowed down upon their bent knees, and both, with low, wailing moans, upraised their trembling hands, and in quivering voices muttered, with low but passionate earnestness—"Have mercy, Father!"

A scarcely audible swelling air of sacred melody seemed to float through the apartment. It was as though the music from some distant chapel had been wafted upon the bosom of a soft wind, and reached their ears ere it had died out. As it ceased to be heard, Erle rose from his kneeling posture, and motioning to old Pengreep to assist him, he applied his hands to the lid of the chest, restored it to its original condition, and then he locked it, taking possession of the key. When he had raised Eldra from her almost crouching posture, he whispered to Pengreep—"Come, let us away. More here at present we cannot do. I must seek Lord Kingswood."

Before Pengreep could reply, he moved to depart; the latter, however, stayed him. "I do not object to your seeking Lord Kingswood," he said. "It will be needful that you should do so; first, however, it will be imperative upon you, as a first step to your success, that you should assemble the servants of the household, and proclaim to them your name, rank and rightful claim as heir-at-law to Lord Kingswood."

"There lies one here in a dangerous condition of health," responded Erle, quickly; "by such an act I may occasion a tumult, and her life in consequence may be imperilled; rather than to do that, I would, far as I have advanced towards success, forego all and perish in obscurity."

"I do not counsel that you should urge your claim with a violent demonstration; on the contrary, it may be done in the morning within the Hall. It will be enough that you call the people together, and record your claim. You may then depart in peace, and remain so until we have compelled Lord Kingswood to acknowledge you."

Erle, with a slight gesture of assent, moved towards the secret door by which they had gained admittance to the library. Eldra, however, stayed him. "It will be better that you should for to-night return to the hunting-lodge," she said. "There are subterranean passages which communicate between it and the Hall, the secret entrances to which I am in possession of. By pursuing these passages you will escape observation, and you may then enter Kingswood Hall, in order to assert your right, by the principal entrance, and in the open light of day."

As she ceased speaking she moved towards the chest, and near to its side she touched a spring in the wall; a door, fitting so closely into the wall that its existence was not apparent, revolved inwards, and revealed a flight of steps, the red glare of a torch flamed within, and Eldra, seizing it from where its pointed end was stuck into the ground, led the way from the library.

The way beneath the Chace was long and devious, but at length they emerged within the old lodge, and Eldra conducted them into the room above, in which rested the portrait of Erle, Baron of Kingswood.

Within it, rising up from the floor like a wild beast from its lair, they beheld Tubal Kish. He passed his hand across his bloodshot eyes, as though he was only just aroused from a heavy sleep, and then they lighted upon the white face of Erle. He uttered a low growl, more of terror than of rage, and staggered back against the wall.

"Who be'est thee?" he muttered, unheeding the presence of Eldra and Pengreep. "Art spectre o' race, or be'est the phantom o' young squire? One or tother thee be'est, I know, vor the baron who wanders in Chace be dead ages agone, and Philip Avon shot tother wi' his own han'. I saw 'un do't. Ghost an' you be, why do you seek I? What dost want to torture I vor?"

"I am no spectre," said Erle, sternly. "But I am acquainted with some of your misdoings, for which you may expect a fitting punishment, without mercy from my hands. Aye, you and your scoundrel colleague—"

"Hush! hush!" interposed old Pengreep, eagerly. "To make an enemy of this man is folly, to treat him in a kind and friendly spirit will be wise. You know not his origin. When you do it may alter your views concerning him, and his testimony against Philip Avon will be most valuable. The law treats an attempt at murder with grim severity, and no gentleman would dream of going out with a fellow who endeavored to assassinate him."

"Aye," exclaimed Eldra, raising her two hands, and chanting, as a weird woman, her incantations—

"For though his life be spare,
Shall thrust a venom'd dart
Deep in his serpent heart;
Soul slain, yet not to die,
Shall be his destiny.
The Kingswood who does this
Will win a path to bliss."

"Then he bean't a ghost?" muttered Tubal Kish, between his teeth.

"No," exclaimed old Pengreep; "but a living, breathing creature like—no, not like you, but yet living as you are, and like, too, to prove a friend to you."

"A doan't want his vriendship," the fellow cried. "He gi' me contents o' his gun-barrel, an' he broke stock ov it on my head, an' I hate 'un, an'—an'—my knife shall do its work better than Philip Avon's bullet, I know."

"Silence, wretch!" exclaimed Eldra, in a fierce tone. She advanced to Tubal, and whispered for a minute in his ear; the fellow started as he listened to her, and gazed at Erle with extended eyes; then he, with a dogged look, but still a more respectful manner towards Erle, moved slowly out of the room.

"You spoke of his origin," said Erle, addressing Pengreep. "Whence does he spring?"

"One of the many deeds of shame and wrong which cling like a pestilent disease to those who bear the name of Kingswood is connected with the origin of yon unfortunate wretch," he answered. "He clings to this place as an animal to the spot in which it is reared, submissive, however, to no law or to no reason, save such as Eldra chooses to impose upon him. He will be a most important witness in your favor, not only as against Philip Avon, but as to the establishment of your identity; it will be well, therefore, to conciliate rather than to treat him with harshness."

"The couch which has already offered you rest is still at your service," observed Eldra, eyeing him earnestly. "You will do well to seek it."

"Aye," exclaimed Pengreep, "you will need rest. Be advised—secure it."

In truth he did need it. So recently arisen from a sick bed, his strength was not equal to the occasion which tasked it. He had already overtaxed his strength, and was nigh unto swooning when Eldra first addressed him. He, with white face and whiter lips, and with tottering steps, availed himself of Eldra and Pengreep's advice, and entering the room which had been Violet's, he, quite exhausted, flung himself upon it.

Ten long, dreary days elapsed ere he was again able to leave it. Both Eldra and Pengreep watched and tended him incessantly, until once more he had recovered sufficient strength to enter anew upon his arduous task. In those ten days old Pengreep had not been idle. He had communicated with others on matters of his own and Erle's, he had ascertained the particulars of the duel which had taken place between Lord Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham, with the death of the latter, and the absence of the former, badly wounded, secreted in some place then unknown. This intelligence made him the more anxious for prompt action on the part of Erle, for should Lord Kingswood die before he acknowledged Erle's son as his own, it would render Erle's assertion more painful and complicated than it had yet been. He consequently watched his recovery with great anxiety.

But Erle's constitution was sound, his discipline at Avening had not been thrown away, and though he had suffered a relapse from too hastily relying on his strength, it was not so very long ere he was capable of again going through and enduring much that would have prostrated most youths of his age.

One morning, therefore, old Pengreep having given certain instructions to Tubal Kish, accompanied Erle to Kingswood Hall. The sky was clear, the sun shone brightly, the air blew freshly and fragrantly, scent-laden with the odor of flowers and blossoms; but although all nature itself seemed to glitter and look joyous, Erle thought the pile of buildings forming Kingswood Hall appeared strangely silent and gloomy. Window-blinds were drawn down, and there was not a domestic or even an animal moving about the place. A painful thrill ran through his frame, and his heart sank like a leaden weight in his breast, for he thought of Lady Maud. He did not say a word to Pengreep, but a strange fear seized him that Lady Maud was dead.

It is impossible to conceive the intensity of relief to his mind which he experienced when, drawing near to the Hall, he cast his eyes up to the quarter in which Lady Maud's apartments were situated, and beheld her standing at an open window. He waved his hand to her, and he saw her clasp both hers in deep emotion—it might have been in thankfulness at beholding him again—and then she retired from the window.

It is certain that Harebell had faithfully executed his injunctions. She had with excellent skill and tact broken to Lady Maud the fact of his existence, and the latter, having a motive now to recover her health, it was astonishing how nature assisted her efforts. She knew that Erle was not only alive, but in the vicinity of the Hall. Her proposition to him had been suddenly interrupted, and had ended without result.

She was conscious that he had commenced to say something to her in deprecation of her truly loving and unselfish offer, but whatever he might say, she felt that she would be able to overrule it, and so it became necessary that she should get well and strong quickly. She therefore devoted herself assiduously to that object, and regained strength at a rate which perfectly electrified Harebell, who had already began to speculate on what description of flowers she should weave into a garland to hang upon her tomb.

Erle and Pengreep advanced to the Hall, and halted at the grand entrance. Then Erle, with the mien and step of a prince, advanced into the grand hall, and calling to him the porter, he bade him summon his fellow servants, that they might listen to a communication he was desirous to make to them. The porter eyed him with an expression of amazement; but there was something in Erle's manner which he felt compelled to obey. He rang a bell which sounded through the building, and servants from various parts came hurrying, wondering why they were thus required in the hall.

When they were assembled, the steward and Mrs. Muddlemist occupying prominent places, and eyeing Erle with undisguised surprise, the latter said: "I am personally not unknown to you all; I am, therefore—pending certain proceedings which may hereafter take place—advised that it is my duty to inform you that I am the eldest son of Lord Kingswood—"

A murmur ran through the hall of astonishment, perhaps, but certainly not of dissent, the remarkable likeness he bore to Lord Kingswood strongly supporting his assertion.

"Hitherto," continued Erle, "I have remained unacknowledged by his lordship; but the time will shortly arrive when he will be called upon to acknowledge me. Should his lordship decline, proofs will be then brought forward to support my claim, and possibly the attendance of most of you will be required, not only to speak of my sojourn here, but the claim I now advance."

"Stay!" cried a hoarse voice; "I have something to say on this matter." And pushing some of the domestics aside, Philip Avon made his appearance. He stared with a ghastly expression of countenance at Erle, as though even yet he could scarce believe his eyes. Yet there was plainly no room for doubt; and keeping down a choking sensation of conscious guilt, he assumed the part of the bully. He had caught a glimpse of Erle as he entered the hall, and his first impulse was to take to flight; but a controlling power seemed to force him to the spot where he now appeared. Advancing close to Erle, he said, with a violent and malignant expression of countenance, "You Lord Kingswood's son?—bah! You are both liar and impostor, and a petty thief into the—"

No further words left his lips, for Erle dashed his fist against them so violently that Philip Avon staggered back and fell. Before he could arise, old Pengreep gave rapid directions to two men, who at the moment made their appearance within the hall to secure him. They forced their way to him, and as he arose, each man took him by the wrist, and held him firmly.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted, struggling violently.

"That I charge you with an attempted murder!" cried old Pengreep, at the top of his voice.

Philip Avon fell back a pace. He glared at old Pengreep. "You, you!" he cried, foaming at the mouth. "Do you know me? I am Philip Avon."

"Aye, the only surviving son of Sir Walter Avon—Black Walter of [illegible]—the last, absolutely the last of your race!" cried Pengreep in a shrill voice. "Officers, secure him. I give the charge—I will substantiate it."

Again Philip Avon struggled fiercely, but in vain; and at length, exhausted, he said, with the froth bubbling at his lips, "Who is my accuser?"

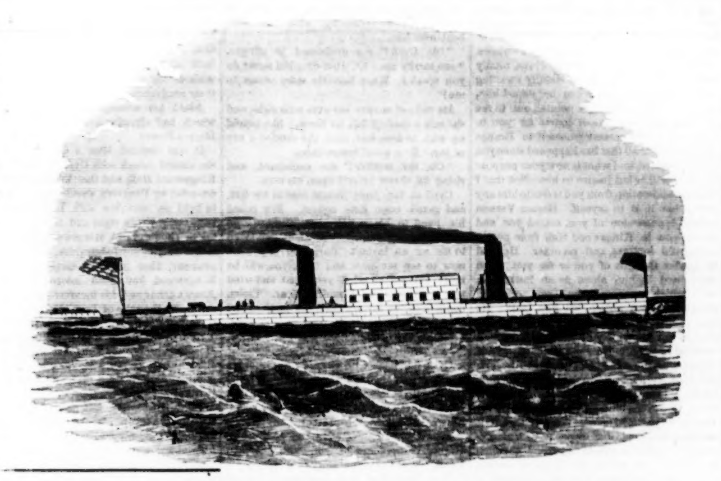
"I am!" cried Erle, sternly. "Like a common thief you lured me to a window in the night time, and you shot me, though you killed me not."

Philip Avon uttered a derisive yell. "You saw me—you accuse me!" he shouted. "Your word is not worth a worthless fraction. Where are your proofs? I dare you to the proofs!"

"They are here!" cried old Pengreep, with vehemence. "Behold!"

So saying, he dragged forth Tubal Kish, who was crouching behind him.

At the sight of him, Philip Avon uttered a



THE STEVENS BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

We engrave the above picture of this celebrated battery, from a sketch in Harper's Weekly. That journal says:—

"At the present session of Congress there is but little doubt that orders will be given to finish the celebrated Bomb-proof Battery, designed by R. L. Stevens, and which for so many years has lain at the yard at Hoboken, securely guarded by watchmen and dogs. Until very recently no one connected with the press has ever visited it. Our artist, however, embraced an opportunity of visiting the monster ship, and has furnished us with a sketch. He also learned that this vessel, when about to engage in an action, is sunk so that its decks are just above water. It will mount a powerful battery of sixteen rifled guns in the bomb-proof casemates, while two heavy Columbiads for throwing shell will be mounted on the deck—one forward and the other aft. The funnels, or smoke-pipes, will be constructed on the telescopic principle, and can be lowered at pleasure, or in action, when they would serve for a mark for the enemy's shot. Mr Stevens says that if the vessel is fitted out according to his plans, he would be willing to guarantee the capture of Sumter in a less number of hours than it took the South Carolinians with their seventeen batteries."

cry of rage and passion. "I saw ye do't, Master Philip—you know't," cried Tubal, in a low, gruff voice; "for ye made I show ye window; and I lay beneath shadow of trees when moonbeams fell on t'young squire's face, an' ye fired right at 'un."

With a mad impulse of passion, Philip Avon threw off the officers who held him by the wrist, and sprang at Tubal. He seized him by the throat, and, unfortunately for both, the latter had a long, broad, wood knife in his belt, which, in his blind frenzy, Philip snatched out, and buried it thrice to the hilt in his body ere his hand could be stayed. Another instant and the officers from whom he had escaped flung him to the ground, wrested the knife from his hand, and in an instant handcuffed him.

A groan of horror ran through all assembled, for Tubal Kish uttered but one gasping screech, and lay upon the stone floor of the hall—dead.

"It is the last fatal blow that will be struck by an Avon upon the body of a Kingswood!" exclaimed Pengreep.

"We have proofs and witnesses here enough now," muttered one of the officers. "This murder will settle all the other questions, whatever they may be."

At this moment Lady Maud entered the hall, and before she could be stopped, appeared within the circle formed by the amazed and horrified domestics. She caught sight of Philip Avon's face, convulsed with the wildest passions, ghastly and hideous; and affrighted, she shrank to Erle's side, and clung to his arm for support.

Philip Avon, with bloodshot eyes, beheld her act—saw her abhorrent repugnance to himself, and her clinging affection for Erle. He uttered a wild scream of rage and frantic mental agony, and fell back in the arms of those who held him in a convulsive fit.

CHAPTER LXXX.

He thought I had forgot thee, O, my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when we shall meet? W. C. M.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history.
—*Shakspeare.*

Erle led Lady Maud gently away from the horrible scene enacted in the hall, and the servants, who watched him with eager and inquiring eyes, appeared to feel that he was entitled to act there according to his will, and to control and command them as their future lord and master. The prompt and natural recognition of his rightful presence there by Lady Maud, had, of course, its effect; and as he moved away, leading the young and beautiful girl by the hand, and, ascending the staircase with an air of dignity native to his character, there was a spontaneous impulse animating all to raise a lusty cheer in his honor. Nothing but the presence of the dead body of Tubal Kish, and the insensible form of Philip Avon, restrained them.

Leaving old Pengreep to arrange for the disposal of Philip Avon and the murdered man, he conducted Lady Maud to her sitting-apartment, and there, for the first time, he communicated to her his history, so far as he knew it, and with it laid before her his justification of his claims to her hand.

Lady Maud smiled faintly as he concluded, while a rosy blush mantled to her cheek, and she said: "I fear me, Erle, if I dare speak the truth, I regard your true claim to my love—my heart, as one purely personal. I loved you without knowing you to be other than Lord Kingswood's 'family secret.' I love you still for what I see in you, and know of you, rather than for what you may prove to be. You are dearer to me as Erle Gower than you will be as Erle, Baron of Kingswood, because now my love makes you my equal; but when you become the proud lord of these vast domains, the claims of simple, loving Maud to your imperial affection may dwarf into insignificance."

Nature acts pretty much the same with the lofty as with the humble in affairs of the heart. As a matter of dignity, the future Lord of Kingswood should have raised the lily fingers of the high-born Lady Maud to his lips, and pressed them in the softest manner imaginable. As a matter of fact, he caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers with one long, passionate kiss, even as he had once before done in the old library when he discovered a secret.

That was his answer to her remark.

When she had recovered from the charming confusion into which his impetuosity had thrown her, she, in her turn, related the circumstances which had come to her knowledge, which went to account in some degree for the present unhappy condition of the Kingswood affairs. Lord Kingswood and Cyril she believed to be in London. Lady Kingswood, of whom she spoke in terms of strong affection, she informed him was missing, and though she could not bring her mind to credit that she was no more, or that she ever would raise her hand against her own life, she was yet greatly disturbed and distressed by her mysterious disappearance and her continued absence. Erle promised her that he would use indefatigable efforts to ascertain what had become of her, and assured her that the first information concerning her ladyship which he was enabled to obtain, should be communicated to her without delay.

After they had completed these mutual communications, explanations, and certain heart revelations, it must be admitted much interfered with by the natural horror each felt at what had occurred in the hall, they bade each other farewell for a time, having mutually arranged what their future course should be, providing that Lord Kingswood continued obstinately bent on ignoring Erle as his true heir.

One more tender embrace, one more loving kiss, one long lingering look on the threshold, and they parted.

Erle, on descending to the hall, found that old Pengreep had caused the body of Tubal Kish to be removed to a place where it could await an inquest, and Philip Avon was also conveyed from Kingswood Hall to the county gaol preparatory to the necessary proceedings being taken against him for his crime committed in presence of so many witnesses.

Pengreep, pale but calm and grave, totally unlike his former self, stood silently awaiting Erle's appearance, and when he joined him, he said—"Reflection has pointed out to me the next and the proper course for you to take will be to present yourself to Horace Vernon, relate all that has happened since you have separated, and what is now your purpose. So much will be but justice to him. Not that I think consideration from you is due to him any more than it is to myself. Horace Vernon obtained possession of you, reared you, and placed you in Kingswood Hall from purely revengeful motives, and no other. He had no tender thought of you or for you. You were used by him alone as an instrument with which to wound the heart of Lord Kingswood and poison his happiness. He has gained his object, and by your aid, though not knowingly or willingly given. I have up to the present time attached myself to you with the sole object of revenging myself upon Vernon, who robbed me of the only being I ever loved. Recent circumstances have, however, induced me to change my views; to acknowledge reverently that it is not man but God that disposes. I had proposed to myself a certain object. I abandon it. I resign myself to the stream of events. I will, with you, seek Vernon, acknowledge to him my own treachery, and the utter inadequacy of the result of a life wholly misappropriated and wasted, and point out to him how he has traversed the same dreary, profitless path, only to lay down his life in chagrin and despair, cheered only by the miserable consolation that in the attempt to wrest from Heaven its chastisement for a grievous sin, he has, in his efforts to command success, wrought for himself a livelong misery."

As abruptly as he commenced this speech he finished it, and led the way from the hall. With a few brief remarks to the servants, in conclusion of those he had commenced when interrupted by Lady Maud, he followed him.

Having procured a carriage, they made their way to Huntingford. Both alighted, but at his wish old Pengreep entered the mansion of Horace Vernon alone, while Erle strolled through the extensive and romantic grounds. As he wound his way through a mazy, labyrinthine shrubbery, he heard voices, and recognized instantly Violet's rich, earnest, trembling notes. He was greatly anxious to see her, and, if possible, alone. It was this wish which had caused him instantly, though silently, to acquiesce in old Pengreep's proposition to visit Horace Vernon. From what had fallen from his companion's lips he guessed that Violet was the daughter of Ishmael, and hence he could comprehend the bitterness of his animosity against Cyril Kingswood, and his stern and determined hostility to an union between him and her.

If he was rejoiced at hearing the voice of Violet, so was he amazed to recognize that of Cyril Kingswood, equally rich, fervent, and earnest as that of the lovely young creature he was addressing. Not wishing or intending to overhear what they said, he found himself compelled either to play the part of a listener or forego the chance of seeing Violet for he knew not how long.

He heard Cyril speak to her in impassioned tones, imploring her to reveal to him the mystery of her birth, that he might set all other influences at defiance, and unite his fate to hers.

"Oh, Cyril!" murmured Violet, in reply, "of what significance in the eyes of our love should be my origin? I am what I am—thy love. To thee the mystery of my birth is as nothing. The revelation cannot make me love thee more than I do, it will not make me love thee less—"

"There—there, Violet, is the dreadful uncertainty!" exclaimed Cyril, with unrepressed agitation.

"Nay, my beloved," interposed Violet, almost reproachfully, "did we not love when as children we wandered together beneath the leafy trees in the old Chace at Kingswood, marvelling at the golden and green light streaming through the openings in the branches and gilding our path as we went slowly and fondly on? Did our love not gather strength as we grew in years? Did we not love deeply, dearly, tenderly when Ishmael parted us? Have I not loved you truly since, though I have been bidden to forget thee; though I have been assured that you had deserted me, and that false friends had turned from me? Has Ishmael not told me that I had forgotten you, and he believed it, because I was silent and did not breathe your name, save in my daily, hourly prayers? Have I not loved thee, though I was told that you wooed another and was to give your hand in marriage—your hand, Cyril, but not your heart, for your heart has been mine, my love, since first we promised when parting—a childish parting then, Cyril, to pray to Heaven for each other while apart, and that we might soon meet again? Do I love you less now than then?—nay, dear, dear Cyril, do not stay my speech, for oh! it seemeth years and years since last we sat together thus, and conversed sweetly as we are doing now. Think you I shall love you less, learning as I have from your lips that, unable to live without me, you have tracked, traced me from place to place, through all the tortuous journey Ishmael conveyed me, because I may some day ascertain my origin. Oh, my Cyril, can it be possible for any one to discover that to you I am other than Violet."

"What—what shall I say to you, Violet?" returned Cyril. "I love you with perfect and entire truthfulness. I should love you still as fondly and dearly if it were to be disclosed to me that you were the child of a wood-ranger; but when I know that a dreadful secret hangs over you, when I with horror hear a suggestion that this terrible secret will reveal to me that you—that you, Violet—"

He paused, for a heavy groan burst from his lips, and he covered his face with his hands. Violet, trembling, with pale face, bent over him.

"Oh, Cyril!" she exclaimed, in affright, "you terrify me. Of what dreadful secret do you speak? What horrible story relates to me?"

He did not answer her save with sighs, and she saw a shadow fall on them. She looked up with, at first, fear, then she uttered a cry of joy. Erle stood before them.

"Oh, my brother!" she exclaimed, and rising up, threw herself upon his neck.

Cyril at the same instant rose to his feet, and gazed upon Erle aghast. Erle raised his hand to him. "Be not alarmed," he said, in a low tone; "but be silent, and listen to me for an instant. Surprised as you are now to see me here, and thus, you will be more amazed at what you must and what you shall, now and hereafter, hear. Violet, companion of my sorrows, the hour of thy happiness and mine is, I trust, near at hand. I am not thy brother—but, Cyril," he added, "I AM THINE!"

Cyril fell back with intense astonishment, and faintly echoed his words.

"It will be shortly explained to you that Lord Kingswood wedded my mother before he was united to the present Lady Kingswood. Come with me to the presence of Horace Vernon, and he will, more fitly than I can, reveal the whole story to you."

Cyril looked at him bewildered; but as Erle took the hand of Violet, and conducted her—equally astounded at what she had just heard—towards the house, he made no reply, but followed. As they reached the threshold of the door, a pale, careworn, haggard-featured woman tottered up to them. She uttered a delirious, hysterical shriek, and flung herself upon Cyril's neck. "My boy—my child!" she exclaimed; "at length I have found thee—God has not forsaken me!"

It was Lady Kingswood. Cyril hardly recognized her, and Erle was deeply affected to behold her in such a condition. As she had swooned in Cyril's arms, Erle assisted him to conduct her into the house.

Within the hall they found Pengreep and Ishmael about to quit it in search of Erle. Upon the marble face of the latter appeared traces of recent tears, and his eye, as it bent on Violet and Erle, bore a softer tone. He, as soon as he beheld Lady Kingswood, appeared greatly shocked, and had her at once borne to Violet's apartments, where women attendants could employ restoratives to effect her recovery.

Before it seemed that she had reached the chamber to which she had been carried, she reappeared, and hurrying up to Cyril, caught him by the arm, clung to him, and whispered to him—"Come, come, let us quit this place, it is no home for us; I have searched for you, I feared in vain, but I have found you, and I will leave you no more."

"Nor this roof, Lady Kingswood, for the present," exclaimed Ishmael, in a deep, yet trembling voice. "I owe to you atonement. I have wrought you much unhappiness, but so far as I can I will repair it."

"Why do *you* call me Lady Kingswood? I am not Lady Kingswood. Who should know that so well as you who reared *him*?"

She pointed to Erle as she spoke.

"You are Lady Kingswood," exclaimed Ishmael, with emphasis, "and have been since Lord Kingswood married you."

Again she pointed to Erle. "Who is that boy?" she exclaimed.

"The son and the heir of Lord Kingswood," returned Ishmael; "but the first Lady Kingswood—one beautiful and fair, grievously and wickedly wronged—never bore the title. She died deserted, broken hearted, just one week before you gave your hand to Lord Kingswood."

She sought to speak, but she could only gasp and sob passionately, and fall helpless and swooning upon Cyril's neck. In obedience to a gesture, he conveyed her to a chamber where Violet timidly, but affectionately—for was she not Cyril's mother—sat and watched by her bedside.

In the meanwhile Erle had a long conference with Horace Vernon, during which the latter confessed that he had committed the error of endeavoring to direct events, so that he might at a period settled by himself, reap a deadly vengeance sown in years long past. He had discovered, when too late, that he had made the innocent suffer with the guilty; and now that he was anxious, so far as he possibly could, to redeem his fault, he was left with but scant means to do it.

For some days he wrestled with his proud spirit alone in his closet. At length murmuring—"Vengeance is thine, oh, Lord! If I can be an instrument in Thy hands to create rather than to destroy human happiness, I will pass out from the misanthropy in which for years I have enveloped myself, and if unable to bring calm and peace to my own soul, I will strive to confer felicity upon others."

He summoned first Violet, and during a grave and anxious hour of revelations, he acknowledged himself to be her father, a confession which—he had himself to blame, and he felt it—did not elicit from Violet such an expression of delight as his subsequent announcement that he had withdrawn his hostility to Cyril's passion for her, and would give his consent to their union, provided no determined opposition sprang from Lord Kingswood.

Then Lady Kingswood, who was slowly recovering, Cyril, Erle, and Pengreep were summoned to join the father and daughter, and before them Horace Vernon acknowledged his daughter, and stated that he had reared her in seclusion and innocence that she might escape the dangers and the miseries which are attendant upon love. He had, however, found that his foresight and his plans were futile when the Almighty disposer of events ordained otherwise. Lady Kingswood offered no opposition. She, too, was chastened in her thoughts, and was now anxious to return to Kingswood Hall, give to Lord Kingswood the explanation he so long had sought, forgive him for the cruel deceit he had practiced on her, and resume her position, or as it might be deemed advisable by both after what had happened, live apart, without the world being permitted to share their confidence.

Alas! her arrangements were not those which had already been determined by a Higher Power.

It was decided, after a consultation, that she should return with Cyril immediately to Kingswood Hall, and that Vernon, with Erle, attended by Pengreep, should follow, in order to hold an interview with Lord Kingswood respecting Erle's right and the course to be taken should Lord Kingswood refuse to receive or acknowledge him, and this programme, thus far, was carried out. Lady Kingswood had been informed of Philip Avon's crime and his incarceration, and this event, for the sake of Lady Maud, urged her to hasten her return.

She drove up in a carriage belonging to Horace Vernon, accompanied by Cyril, and she was met by Lady Maud, who threw herself into her arms and wept bitterly, for she had sad news to communicate.

Lord Kingswood was dead! His wound, which was a severe one, obstinately resisted the efforts of the surgeons to arrest its progress to inflammation, and the state of Lord Kingswood's mind only increasing its ravages, mortification set in with frightful rapidity, and Lord Kingswood, the last of the doomed of his race, passed out of life a raving maniac.

The same bell which announced the death of Lord Kingswood communicated the succession of Erle, Baron of Kingswood!

Two duties, however, Erle performed before he assumed his new rank. The first was to remove the remains of his mother from their resting-place within the Chace, and lay them in the vault of the Kingswoods in the private chapel attached to the Hall. The second to lay there also in a place of rest the remains of the murdered Lady Maud. His mother's remains he interred with only a simple ceremony, himself as chief mourner; but the long-unburied crumbling relics of the Lady Maud were laid in their last resting-place with pomp and funeral honors, at which all the Kingswood family and the whole household assisted. The aged woman Eldra was there among those who stood before the tomb, and as the last prayers were said over the velveted coffin, she sunk back into the arms of Pengreep.

"Her pilgrimage is ended!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, to Erle.

Her prophecy was fulfilled. She died as the doom passed from the House of Kingswood, and she was placed by the side of her ancestors.

For a time Kingswood Hall was the scene of gloom, though scarcely of grief, for a companionship was speedily formed between Violet and Lady Maud, and, as each now shared the society of the being she loved best in the world, they, while mourning for the untimely end of Lord Kingswood, experienced the quiet joy which unrestricted communion with Erle and Cyril afforded them.

Lady Kingswood was horrified when she learned that the Marquis of Chillingham had fallen by her husband's hand, and that her husband's death had been occasioned by the bullet of the Marquis of Chillingham. What facts Lord Kingswood became possessed of, she never knew—she could only surmise.—Old Pengreep placed in her hands one morning a paper, in which he informed her of the villainous part Pharisee had played, and restored to her the notes written by herself to the Marquis of Chillingham, which he had purloined. She destroyed them, but could not destroy the memories they dragged up. She found, after the death of Lord Kingswood, the old Hall insupportable. She had erred, and, in a deeply contrite spirit, she retired to a secluded spot in a remote part of the kingdom, where she passed the remainder of her days, absolutely refusing all solicitations to quit it.

The scoundrel who had greatly contributed to her unhappiness was punished for his rascality by his wife, Albertina Pharisee, *nee* Virgo. She never suffered him to quit her sight, and she led him a life of incessant torture.

Erle was now undisputed Lord of Kingswood. Cyril, happy in the possession of Violet, accepted his junior position in the House without a murmur. He had at first conceived a liking for Erle, and that feeling now speedily ripened into a warm and sincere attachment.

In the interval between the death of Lord Kingswood and his marriage with Lady Maud, Erle devoted himself to the pleasurable task of making himself known to the whole of his tenantry, and promised to apply himself to the graceful labor of improving their condition, and ministering to their happiness, as far as he possibly could.

At length the long-hoped-for day arrived which united him to Lady Maud. All Kingswood and the surrounding country were alive with the festivities and the rejoicings, for it was made known far and wide that the doom which had long hung like a pall over an ancient House was removed.

It was known, too, that another ancient House at the same time had ceased to exist. Sir Walter Avon was found dead in his bed after his son's arrest, and it was rumored that he had poisoned himself. Philip Avon had been tried, and though by a merciful view of his case taken by the jury who tried him, he escaped capital punishment, he was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Cyril and Violet were married at the same altar with Erle and Lady Maud. They, at Vernon's request, took up their abode with him at Huntingford, and entered upon a life which promised to be supremely happy. Vernon found a solace for the sorrows of the past in contemplating their loving serenity and devoted affection for each other.

At this period old Pengreep quietly disappeared. Although both Horace Vernon and Erle have made eager and searching inquiries after him, he has not yet re-appeared—and probably never will.

Of Beatrice Stanhope it may be said that she found one that loved her well, and marrying her, placed her in the high position she coveted, and save with one memory, she was as happy as she could have expected to be. Aarlton, her brother, married to Netty Cotton, gave up diplomacy, and took to cotton-spinning, and is now one of the largest and wealthiest, and happiest manufacturers in—Cottonville.

We must not forget Susan Harebell. Of couse she married the smart young groom just as quick as arrangements could be made, because Lady Maud made her a present of a handsome dowery and an annuity; and Erle and Cyril subscribed the money for that road-side house. Should you, reader, go to Wootten-under-Edge, you will find, a few miles on ——— road, Susan and her husband, one of the happiest couples in the kingdom; and they will be so glad to see you, and will make you so comfortable, take our word for it.

Erle and Lady Maud Kingswood have settled down in peace and love on their estates. Erle carrying out the intention of the late Lord Kingswood, has caused the old hunting-lodge to be levelled to the ground, and all traces of it to be removed, so that the record of his ancestor's crime may no longer stand a grim monument of his evil deed in the eyes of men. The subterranean passages have been blocked up, and great alterations have been made in the ancient part of the Hall so as to remove from it, as much as possible, the ghostly character which for so long a period it maintained.

Nothing now remains for Erle to do but to solve the problem of happiness with his loved bride Lady Maud, having already—

By God's holy grace,
Solved THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE.

THE END.

BATTLE NEAR CARTHAGE, SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.—A battle took place on the 3d, between the Missouri State troops under Gov. Jackson and Gen. Raines, numbering by their accounts from ten to thirteen thousand, (an exaggeration probably) and the United States forces under Col. Siegel, numbering fifteen hundred in all. Lieut. Toskin, Col. Siegel's adjutant, and bearer of despatches to Col. Harding, gives the following particulars:—

The State troops were posted on an eminence in the prairie, with five pieces of artillery—one twelve-pounder in the centre and two six pounders on the right and left; cavalry on each flank and the infantry in the rear of the artillery. Col. Siegel approached within eight hundred yards, with four cannon in the centre, a body of infantry and a six-pounder under Lieutenant-Colonel Hassendard on the left, Col. Solomon's command with a six-pounder on the right, and a body of infantry behind the centre artillery.

Col. Siegel's left opened fire with shrapnell, and soon the engagement became general. The rebels had no grape, and their artillerists being poor, their balls went over the heads of the Federal troops. After two hours' firing, the enemy's artillery was entirely silenced, and their ranks broken. About one hundred and fifty rebel cavalry then attempted to outflank Siegel, and cut off his baggage train, which was three miles back, when a retrograde movement was ordered, and the train was reached in good order.

The wagons were then surrounded by the infantry and artillery, and the retreat continued till a point was reached where the road passed through a high bluff on each side, where the enemy's cavalry were posted in large numbers by a feint, as if intending to pass around the bluff. Siegel threw his artillery into a solid body into the road, at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from his position, when, by a rapid movement of his artillery he poured a heavy cross fire of canister into their ranks, and at the same time the infantry charged at double quick time. In ten minutes the State forces scattered in every direction.

Eighty-five riderless horses were captured, sixty-five shot guns, and a number of revolvers and bowie knives were picked up from the ground.

Col. Siegel did not surround Carthage as reported, but attempted to reach Pierre woods, north of the town, and after two hours desperate fighting, in which all the forces on both sides were engaged, and in which our informant thinks the enemy lost two hundred killed, he succeeded in doing so.

The rebels retired to Carthage, and Siegel fell back on Saracoxie, whence he proceeded the next day to Mount Vernon.

The lieutenant rode to Rolla, one hundred and fifty-three miles, in twenty-nine hours. He met Gen. Sweeney's command five miles, and Col. Brown's regiment sixteen miles from Mount Vernon, both pressing forward to reinforce Siegel. Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe was not killed, as reported.

The loss on both sides was said to be heavy. Reinforcements were hurrying forward to support both parties. Gen. Lyon was near at hand to head the U. S. troops, and Gen. McCulloch to aid the rebels with an Arkansas reinforcement. Large numbers are used in the despatches, but they are probably exaggerations.

MR. AND MRS. DICKENS.—A London correspondent of the Bauffshire Journal writes as follows:—"Mr. and Mrs. Dickens have been reconciled, and are again living together. Let us trust that we shall hear no more of 'incompatibility.' The fact is that Mrs. Dickens is a plain, matter of fact, sensible woman, without any literary taste, and who, possibly, has not read the whole of her husband's novels. It seems to me that this is just the sort of wife that a *litterateur* should have, seeing that they could not come in one another's way; but Dickens thought otherwise, and sees, I suppose, in the happy relation that exists between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer a proof of the happiness which must arise when an author and authoress are united. But Dickens is getting older, and, therefore, wiser, and sees that he will be most happy in the society of the mother of his family."

A REBEL PAPER SUPPRESSED AT ST. LOUIS.—About four hundred men of Colonel McNeil's regiment, Reserve Corps, visited the State Journal office on the 12th, and removed the type, paper, &c., and read an order from Gen. Lyon, prohibiting the further publication of that sheet. The proprietors will respect the order, and lay the whole matter before Gen. Fremont on his arrival. The reason given was that it was affording aid and comfort to the rebels, and inciting to treason.

☞ **The immediate successor of General Davis is already nominated:—General Ruin-**

NORTHERN MISSOURI.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

1,600 rebel cavalry, under General Harris, attacked 500 United States troops near Monroe station, thirty miles from Hannibal, Mo., on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, on the 10th, and were repulsed with the loss of four killed, five captured and several wounded. The United States troops also took seven horses. Our men pursued the enemy, were again attacked and again victorious. They then took up a position and sent for reinforcements, and while there were surrounded by the enemy, who being all cavalry had the advantage of them in rapidity of movement. Twelve hundred infantry and cavalry, under ex-Governor Wood and General Mather, were immediately sent from St. Louis to the assistance of the United States troops; 500 more had been sent from St. Joseph and 700 from Hudson, so that if all these detachments reach Monroe the United States forces will number 2,900. The strength of the whole force of the enemy is estimated by another dispatch at 3,000, and they had burned the railway station, cut the telegraph wires, and made an abortive attempt to seize a train of cars, but it escaped them.

LATER—SMITH REINFORCED—BATTLE AT MONROE—THE U. S. VICTORIOUS.

St. Louis, July 12.—A gentleman from Hannibal last night says that Col. Smith's command at Monroe was reinforced by three hundred mounted men from Illinois, yesterday afternoon, when the Rebels were attacked and dispersed. Gen. Harris, in command of the Rebels, was forced to leave his horse and take to the woods. A large number of the Rebels were captured.

Capt. McAllister, who was reported killed, was only severely wounded. He will probably recover.

The Hannibal Home Guards arrived Home safely last night.

Chicago, July 12.—Three companies sent to the relief of Col. Smith, at Monroe, Missouri, returned last night, and report the road unobstructed between Hannibal and Monroe. On arriving at the latter place, they formed a junction with Col. Smith's force, which was entrenched in the Academy Buildings.

The Rebels, twelve hundred strong, were grouped over the prairie, out of reach of Col. Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that the balls were almost spent before reaching our lines. Smith's artillery was of longer range, and did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk, and the last shot from our side dismounted one of the enemy's guns.

Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy on Wednesday, and completely routed them, taking 75 prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. About 20 or 30 of the Rebels were killed. Not one man on our side was killed, although several were severely wounded.

Col. Smith is determined to shoot some of the most prominent Rebels.

General Tom Harris, the Rebel leader, escaped.

A LETTER FROM MRS. LINCOLN.

[From the Louisville Journal, July 9.]

It has been published in the Southern papers that the sympathies of the President's wife are with the Secessionists. The following very handsome letter, received by one of our fellow Kentuckians, does not indicate it:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 20, 1861.

"Col. John Fry—My Dear Sir: It gives me very great pleasure to be the medium of transmission of these weapons, to be used in the defence of national sovereignty upon the soil of Kentucky.

"Though some years have passed since I left my native State, I have never ceased to contemplate her progress in happiness and prosperity with sentiments of fond and filial pride. In every effort of industrial energy, in every enterprise of honor and valor, my heart has been with her. And I rejoice in the consciousness that, at this time, when the institutions to whose fostering care we owe all that we have of happiness and glory, are rudely assailed by ungrateful and paracidal hands, the State of Kentucky, ever true and loyal, furnishes to the insulted flag of the Union a guard of her best and bravest sons. On every field the prowess of Kentuckians has been manifested. In the holy cause of national defence they must be invincible.

"Please accept, sir, these weapons as a token of the love I shall never cease to cherish for my mother State, of the pride with which I have always regarded the exploits of her sons, and of the confidence which I feel in the ultimate loyalty of her people, who, while never forgetting the homage which their beloved State may justly claim, still remember the higher and grander allegiance due to our common country.

"Yours, very sincerely,
"MARY LINCOLN."

INFERNAL MACHINES.—An attempt was recently made to blow up the U. S. vessels in the Potomac, near Aquia creek, with two infernal machines. One struck the rudder of the Resolute, and became detached from its buoy and sank. The other careened over, and its fuse was extinguished by dipping in the water. The latter was hauled on board the Pawnee. It had a cylinder made of boiler iron, five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, filled with all sorts of destructive elements, designed to blow the Potomac squadron to atoms. The machine weighed about four hundred pounds. Connecting the cylinder with the cask or buoy, which was full of a coil of slow match, was an india rubber coated fuse. It was taken to Washington.

WHAT THE UNION MEN OF WESTERN VIRGINIA THINK.—WHEELING, July 12.—The debates in the House of Delegates during the last day or two have been very interesting. They occurred mainly on the resolution of Mr. Crothers, of Brook county, to instruct Senators and Representatives to vote men and money without stint to the Government, and to oppose all compromise until rebellion was crushed, and upon a resolution of Mr. Vance, of Harrison, to protest against Mr. Lovejoy's proposition to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Crothers' proposition was passed with only one dissenting voice, Mr. Arnold, of Lewis county, who is regarded as a doubtful Union man. Mr. Vance's resolution was tabled by a large vote.

REFLECTED RAINBOWS.—A correspondent of a New York Journal settles the question whether a rainbow can be reflected in the water, by quoting from his diary a description of the phenomenon, which he witnessed in August, 1835, when on board the ship Tecumseh. This diary says:—"The surface of the water was almost calm and smooth, excepting where the rain fell around the ship for half a mile; and the bow was reflected on the ocean so as to make almost a *perfect circle,* of the richest tints I have ever seen this phenomenon display. They were the brightest and most distinct."

☞ **Ornamental Fret Work.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.**

NEWS ITEMS.

THE President, in reply to the resolution of the House calling for the correspondence touching the annexation of the Dominican Republic to Spain, has replied that it is not deemed advisable to communicate it at the present time.

A GOOD SHOT.—Mr. Ross, the veteran shot, and father of the youthful champion who carried off the honors of rifle shooting in the great English contest last year, is in active training for the approaching meeting at Wimbledon. At a range of one thousand yards, he recently hit the target fifteen times in succession, and the bull's-eye five times, counting twenty points.

POWER OF A MINIE RIFLE BALL.—Will a Mississippi rifle with a minie ball shoot through a steam boiler? It will! A dispute among our friends on this question arose, and was settled by trying it, and the result was, that the ball made a hole one-third longer than itself at about the distance of fifty yards. When it is convenient, we intend to test the greatest distance at which it can be done.—*Tuscumbia (Ala.) Constitution.*

THE Sultan of Turkey died on the 25th, and was succeeded by his brother, Abdul-Az-s-Khan. Everything was quiet at Constantinople.

THE gun-boats to be built on the Western rivers will have sides and bows of solid oak, very thick, and the bows will be coated with steel plates. They are to be armed each with a single 50 000 pound rifled columbiad, so that the river forts of the rebels can be demolished, in descending the stream, by two or three shots. They will be afloat in the course of the month of August, and be ready for service early in October, or it may be before.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE COMET.—Mr. Whipple, a photographist of Boston, somewhat famous for his photographs of the moon and stars, has been making an effort to get a picture of the comet. He says that its photographic power of light is so feeble as scarcely to make an impression on his most sensitive preparations. As compared with that of the moon, or fixed stars even of the third or fourth magnitude, it is, photographically speaking, *not one thousandth part as brilliant.*

MR LAWRENCE GEOGHEGAN, of Galway, gun-maker, has produced a new blasting powder made from tanner's waste bark, nitrate of soda and sulphur, which is said to be much superior in efficiency to the blasting powder in general use, while it costs not more than half as much.

PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE, after considerable experiment, has determined that for telegraph cables a coating of india rubber is fully equal to a coating of gutta-percha of twice its thickness.

SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS.—The proprietors of the Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans journals, we see, have recently been in council, and unanimously resolved to raise the prices of their respective journals an average of thirty per cent.

NO MORE TELEGRAPHING ARMY OPERATIONS.—General Scott has given orders that henceforward no despatches concerning the operations of the army will be carried over the telegraph line without the permit of the commanding officer.

A CHALLENGER AND HIS SECOND CONVICTED.—George Henderson has been convicted at St. Louis of sending a challenge to W. M. Sleeth to fight a duel, and fined fifty dollars. M. N Quan, his second, was fined one dollar and costs.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The wheat crop in nearly every section of Maryland, is spoken of by the rural press as excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. Some peaches of the new crop have already been brought to market.

THE Connecticut House of Representatives has refused—120 to 74—to adopt the Corwin Constitutional Amendments, and also refused to repeal the State Personal Liberty Law.

PROF. BOND, of the Harvard Observatory, speaking of the comet, says:—On the 28th, the earth passed close to the tail, which crossed our path a day or two only in advance of us, so that we barely escaped passing through it. The distance of the comet from the earth is now about twenty-five millions of miles, and it will be a satisfaction to some, perhaps, to know that it is increasing. It will soon fade out of sight.

THE Tennessee Legislature refused to take any action upon the memorial from East Tennessee in favor of a separation from the rest of the State. Jeff. Davis proclaimed Tennessee one of the "Confederate" rebel States, on the 3rd, and Uncle Sam has stopped the mails, with the exception of those to East Tennessee.

STEEL PLATED STEAMERS.—The New York papers say that Capt. De Groot is building two, the steel plates of which are to be four inches thick, rendering the vessel shot and bomb-proof, and protecting the boilers. These vessels he expects to sell to the government.

THE Secessionists are endeavoring to prevent the escape of their slaves, by reporting that the United States authorities are selling all fugitive slaves in Cuba, to defray the expenses of the war. Of course, they know it to be a lie.

THE passage by the Senate of an amendment to the Volunteer Bill, authorizing the acceptance of all the cavalry, artillery, and infantry that may offer for three years, shows how vigorous is the determination of that body to aid the President in pushing forward the war—as the amendment was passed with scarcely a moment's debate.

A PIRATICAL brig, called the Jefferson Davis, has taken several prizes off the coast, as high as latitude 39, lately. If the first U. S. vessel that finds her will sink her with her guns, it will save our courts the trouble of a trial—several cutters are after her.

CURIOUS.—A prominent Southern editor, who charges that the whole Northern population are infamous ruffians bent upon overspreading the South with rapine and ravage and murder, and who denounces us of the Louisville Journal as a traitor, and calls upon the Vigilance Committees of the South to suppress our paper as an incendiary sheet, *keeps his wife in the North and asks us to be the medium for the interchange of letters between her and himself.—Louisville Journal.*

A BROAD WOMAN.—The Princess Mary of Cambridge, whose betrothal to the Duke of Newcastle has been announced, is a very comely personage, but *very* stout; so stout, in fact, that she finds crinoline entirely superfluous, except around the bottom of her skirt; and it is said that it has been necessary of late to enlarge the door of her carriage. A marriage was proposed between her and Victor Emmanuel, and he was delighted at the prospect of a connection with the royal family of England through the owner of so charming a face as that of the portrait which was shown to him. But when, on his visit to England, he saw the lady, *il Re galantuomo*—himself no slender lad—he retired precipitately from the negotiation. "I cannot marry that woman," said he, "she's broad enough to sit upon the seven hills of Rome."

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—At a recent session of the House of Representatives, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, introduced a resolution declaring that, in the judgment of the House, it is no part of the duty of the soldiers of the United States to capture or return fugitive slaves.

After some discussion, this was passed by yeas 92, nays 55.

☞ "Charles, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Jones." "How much do you love her?" "I love her as hard—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. Jones was satisfied.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour continue fair, but with a limited demand both for export and home use; ranging from $4 to 4,25 for spring Wheat superfine; $4,25@5 for extra and extra family do; $4,25@4,75 for Western and Penna superfine, made from winter Wheat; $4,75@5,75 for extra and extra family do; and $6@6,50 ℔ bbl for fancy lots, according to brand and quality; included in the sales are 500 bbls middlings at $3,25; 1800 bbls good extra family at $5,75; 600 bbls selected do at $6,12½. Rye Flour is not inquired for and dull at $3,25. Corn Meal is also quiet, and Penna Meal is offered at $2,62½@2,75 ℔ bbl, the latter for fresh ground, without sales.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat has been dull and unsettled, and prices under moderate receipts are 8 to 10c ℔ bus lower than last week. Sales of about 25,000 bus mostly for shipment at 75@85c for spring; $1@1,18 for common to prime winter reds, and $1,15 to 1,25 for white, closing dull at $1,12@1,14 for reds, and $1,18@1,20 for white of prime quality. Of new Wheat the receipts are increasing, and some 6000 bus Southern red found buyers mostly at $1,12. Rye is also dull and unsettled, with small receipts, and sales of Penna at 60c. Corn is scarce, but the demand continues limited, and about 20,000 bus found buyers at 52@54c for Penna and Southern yellow, in store and afloat, closing at 53c for prime Delaware, and 47@51c for Western mixed; the receipts are very light. Oats have been dull and depressed, and some 18,000 bus have been disposed of at 28@29c for Penna, and 28@27c for Southern.

PROVISIONS.—The demand for all kinds is limited, and prices without any quotable change, Mess Pork selling in a retail way at $16@16½, and Beef at $14@16 ℔ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to bagged Hams, at 10@10½c the latter for prime. Nothing doing in Sides or Shoulders to alter quotations. Of Green Meats the sales are also confined to Hams, of which some 300 casks, in pickle, have been disposed of at 7½@8c, the latter for prime, on time. No sales of Sides or Shoulders. Lard—The receipts and sales are light at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls, and 9½@10c for kegs, the latter for prime Western. Butter is dull, solid selling slowly at 8@9c ℔ ℔. Cheese also sells slowly at 6@7c ℔ ℔.—Eggs are steady at 11c ℔ doz, and the receipts and sales light.

COTTON.—There has been rather more inquiry the past week. Sales include some 450 bales, mostly taken in small lots at from 12½c to 16c for ordinary to middling and good middling Uplands and Gulfs, cash and short time.

ASHES.—The sales are confied to small lots of both Pots and Pearls, within the range of quotations.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and 1st No 1 nearly nominal at $29 ℔ ton.—Of Tanners' Bark further sales are reported at $9@10 for Spanish, $8 for Chestnut, and $4@5 for Red and Peach Oak, and the latter kinds very unsaleable.

BEESWAX is quiet, and we quote Yellow at 28@29c ℔ ℔.

COAL.—There is a fair demand for Anthracite, and the market is firm at the late advance, with a moderate business doing both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE.—Sales reach about 1200 bags, in small lots, at 12½@13½c for Rio, and 14@14½c for Laguayra, on the usual terms; now held higher.

COPPER is dull but steady. Yellow Metal is also steady, with further sales at 17c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT.—There is not much doing as yet. Blackberries are beginning to arrive, and sell at 50@60c ℔ bucket.

HAY is rather firmer. Timothy selling as wanted at 65@75c the 100 ℔s.

HEMP is quiet, the stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the demand limited.

HOPS are firmer, but the sales continue light, prices ranging at 14 to 20c for new crop eastern and western.

IRON.—There is rather more inquiry for this staple, and prices of all kinds nominally unchanged; the only transaction we hear of is 1000 tons Anthracite No 3 sold on terms kept private. No change in Scotch Pig. In manufactured Iron the sales are also limited.

LEAD.—The stock is all out of first hands, and we hear of no sales of pig this week.

LUMBER continues dull. Susquehanna Boards range at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled. Small sales of the former are making at $1,50. Southern Shingles are all out of first hands; of white pine do, further sales are making at $13@17 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is held with more firmness, and some small sales of Cuba are reported at 17@20c, and New Orleans at 33@35c, on time.

PLASTER.—There is little or none arriving or selling, and prices are nearly nominal at $1,75@2 ℔ ton.

RICE is unsettled and rather lower, sales having been made at from 5½ to 6c ℔ ℔.

SEEDS.—There is very little doing in any kind and quotations are altogether nominal. Calcutta Linseed has advanced at the East.

SPIRITS.—Brandies are firmer, but there is too little doing in the way of sales to alter quotations. Gins are also firm but quiet. N E Rum is held at 28@30c, with small sales. Whiskey is dull and lower, bbls selling at 16½@16c; Drudge at 16@15½c, and hhds at 16½@16c.

SUGARS.—The market is more active, and prices are fully ½c better, the high views of holders limiting operations; sales reach 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, taken for refining at 5½c, including some New Orleans at 6½@7c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is inactive. City rendered is quoted at 8½c, and country at 7¾c, with moderate receipts and sales of the latter.

TOBACCO is quiet, the stock of leaf is light, and generally held above the views of buyers. Of Manufactured the stock is nearly all out of first hands, and prices are firm and advancing.

WOOL.—The new clip comes in slowly, and meets with a limited inquiry at previous quotations. Some further small sales are reported at 25@26c for coarse, and 27@30c for common and quarter blood, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1089 head. Prices varying from $7 to 9 ℔ cwt. 40 Cows were sold at from $20 to 38 ℔ head. 3400 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $6,00 to 7,00 ℔ cwt, net.—1150 Hogs brought from $5 to 5¾ ℔ cwt, net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1861.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	[illegible]
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	60 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 2 dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	25 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	60 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Christmas Eve, 1860, at the Church of the Atonement, by the Rev. Benjamin Watson, Mr. WILLIAM H. PETERS, to Miss REBECCA JANE THOMAS, youngest daughter of Dr. J. G. Thomas, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. P. Brooks, Mr. JOHN GOFORTH, to Miss ANNIE P. MAROT, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. T. B. Miller, Mr. JAMES B. KELLY, to Miss REBECCA H. EDINGER, both of this city.

On the 7th of May, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, WILLIAM IRELAND, to Miss MAGGIE JACK, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, Mr. THOMAS FULLERTON, to Miss LILLY KNOX, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD H. STEINMETZ, to Miss ELIZABETH MYERS, both of this city.

On the 9th of May, by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. ROBERT BARR, to Miss SALLIE E. McKEEVER, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, the Rev. C. PAVEY, to Miss HELENA MILLER, daughter of the late Chas. Miller, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Robt. Gamble, in Union Presbyterian Church, Mr. JOHN GARDINER, to Miss CATHARINE GOURLEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH McKEAN.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. REBECCA A. PITMAN, in her 84th year.

On the evening of the 4th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Jos. R. Williams, in her 33d year.

On the 9th instant, GEORGE THOMAS, in his 90th year.

On fifth-day morning, 4th instant, after a lingering illness, ANN HOLMES, wife of Henry Cornish, and daughter of the late Samuel Jobson, of this city.

On the evening of the 7th instant, GIDEON LEEDS, in his 71st year.

On the morning of the 8th instant, JOSEPH PORTER, Sr. aged 72 years.

At Germantown, on the morning of the 7th instant, JACOB S. ROYAL, aged 27 years.

On Sunday morning, July 7th, Mrs. MARY F. SOMMERVILLE, daughter of the late James McAlpin.

On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH T. TROTH, widow of the late John T. Troth, in her 25th year.

On the 7th instant, WRIGHT BACON, in his 24th year.

BROWN'S IMPROVED
DANDELION COFFEE.

It is strongly recommended by the faculty as a superior nutritious beverage for general Debility, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Liver, Bilious Affections, and Irritable condition of the Stomach. The many thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, owing to the injury done to their health, will find this superior to the best Java Coffee, to say nothing of its great and acknowledged medical benefits.

Wherever known it takes the place of all other coffee, and costs only one-half the price of the best Java.

A supply constantly for sale at FREDERICK BROWN'S Drug and Chemical Store, North East corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. jy 20-tf

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM.
1609 CHESTNUT St.
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon Artist,
oc16-ly 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

DARING AND DANGEROUS
FRAUDS
are perpetrated daily. How then are Deleterious Hair Dyes to be distinguished from a safe article? In order to be perfectly secure, purchase only
CRISTADORO'S ANALYZED
EXCELSIOR DYE,
Certified by all our leading Chemists, including
DR. CHILTON,
to be
POISONLESS! EFFECTIVE! RELIABLE!
and warranted to produce
without trouble, and in ten minutes,
any shade of Black or Brown
KNOWN IN NATURE.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. jy20-eow2t

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD! Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a fœtid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

"THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT."
INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!
PURIFY YOUR BREATH!
STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S
THROAT CONFECTIONS,
ARE
GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
GOOD FOR SINGERS,
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,
GENTLEMEN CARRY
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.
LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.
CHILDREN CRY FOR
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,
HENRY C. SPALDING,
NO. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to
HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE
meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle. Price, 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜
is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-

Homes for the Industrious!
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,
in Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,398 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598, since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

R. DOLLARD,
513 Chestnut Street.
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov16-eowly

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oc26-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.

It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible, this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.

RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines,* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Disease.
It has cured SCALD HEAD.
It has cured ERUPTIONS on the Skin.
It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Disease of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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Among the many compounds now offering to our lady friends, there are few that we can so readily recommend as those emanating from the celebrated house of JOSEPH BURNETT & CO. They possess two qualities to which we would especially call attention, viz., the entire absence of all deleterious compounds, and the certainty that they will perform all they are said to do. The unpleasant and oftentimes painful results upon the skin attending exposure to our most changeable climate, may be entirely obviated by the use of BURNETT'S KALLISTON, which has now become so useful an auxiliary to the toilet, that no lady considers her dressing table complete without it.—*Galveston News.*

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Wit and Humor.

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

As soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The schoolmaster sed it was cheering to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the schoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travellin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimecratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet $5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The schoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added, "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the schoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo," I ansered, "its a scanderlus fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whiskey and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket *he'd* voted, and he was too old to Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previsly informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradoually but majestically from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a gineral desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear eppylits, I determined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots:

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a eppylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Have you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?

How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcastical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a seris time gitting into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty close. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once that she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm fraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sumhow my coat tails got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their hankerchers to their mouths and remarked: "Te he," while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peasley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n, or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a conundrum. It was a onfortinit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next mornin I rose with the lark. (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the hand orgin, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing: "Hark I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'ain't worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclosivly of Commanders-in-Chiefs orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brans. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticks at our fingers' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

THE HORSE SHOE.

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to "thrash" Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse shoe." He was detected, and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court—Well, sir, you came here from Manchester, did you?

Pat—Your Honor has answered correct.

Court—You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat—Ain't your Honor afther sayin' that a sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive)—I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head—you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?

Pat—The locomotive, your Honor.

Court (waxing warm)—Equivocating again, you scoundrel, (raising up the horse shoe and holding it before Pat,) do you see that horse shoe, sir?

Pat—Is it a horse shoe, your Honor?

Court—Don't you see it is, sir? are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horse shoe?

Pat—Begar! no, your Honor.

Court (angrily)—No?

Pat—No, yer Honor; but can yerself tell?

Court—Of course I can, you stupid Irishman.

Pat (soliloquizing aloud)—Oh! glory to goodness; see what education is, yer Honor. Sure a poor ignorant creature like mesilf wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

FIFTY CENTS A GAME.

Last summer, at the State Fair, a genuine Yankee was strolling about the grounds, when he was accosted by a gambler, and asked to play a game of cards.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know much about cards, I don't."

"Well," said the gambler, "I'd like to play a game with you. What will you play with me for?"

"Well," said our friend, "I'll play a game with you for fifty cents."

Down they sat; the gambler put down fifty cents, and asked our friend if he begged.

"No," said he, "I've got a very good hand—I don't beg."

"Well," replied the other, "put your money down."

"What money?" asked Jonathan.

"Why, your fifty cents."

"I didn't say I'd put down fifty cents. You asked me what I'd play *for*, and I said fifty cents—and I'd play you all night for fifty cents a game."

GETTING A FRIEND TO DO THE COURTING.—Other men than the hard-headed puritan, Miles Standish, have made the same blunder *he* perpetrated in sending John Allen to do his courtship with the pretty Priscilla. Envoys extraordinary are sometimes extraordinary envoys, and we should not advise any ardent swain, unless he had no tongue and was incapable of making pot-hooks and trammels—to imitate Sam's proposal by proxy. Sam says:

I ups and I tells Mose all about it, and says I to Mose, says I, "Had you just as lieves ask her for me?" He said he had. So, to make a long story short, one bitter cold night Mose and I started for the house where Liddy lived. It was agreed that I should stay in the wood-shed while Mose went in and sot matters right. Mose knocked at the door and went in, and I sot down on a chopping log to wait the issue. Mose thought he could fix things in about half an hour, and as it was eight o'clock when he went in, I calculated on being in Paradise about half arter, but there I sot, and sot, till I hearn the clock strike nine; then I had to get up and stomp and thrash my hands to keep from freezing. Ten o'clock, then eleven struck—and still no Mose. At last, just about midnight, when I'd got to be little better'n a freezin' tater, out he comes. I rushed up to him, and with a sneakin voice, "M-M-Moses," says I, "wh-what does she say?"

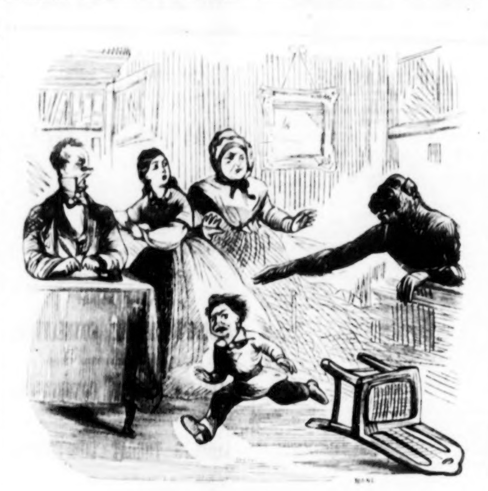
"Sam," says he, "'pon my soul, I forgot to ax her."

Just six weeks arter, Mose and Liddy, which were twain, were made one flesh.

NOT VERY POSITIVE.—The Rev. Mr. Bennett, of ——, was making prayer at the funeral of a child. Two sisters of the child's mother had come from abroad to make her a visit. When the minister would make special allusion to the family, he said—"Here are three sisters gathered together; they come expecting to have a joyful meeting, and to spend much time pleasantly together; but the Lord has seen fit to afflict that one which *we judge to be the youngest*."

COMETS.—So many comets have already appeared without producing any perceptible effects upon the earth, that they no longer excite emotions of fear among scientific men. Arago estimated that there were at least 8,000,000 within the limits of our system, but only a very small portion of that immense number have ever been observed. Since the birth of Christ, (including reappearances,) 651 have been noticed, of which 114 have been visible during the present century.

☞ Moralists tell us self-examination is a great virtue, an indispensable duty. I don't believe it. Generally, it is utterly useless, hopeless, and unprofitable. Much of it springs from the very egotism it pretends to cure.



THE COMING MONKEY.

It isn't so much matter, a mere monkey climbing in at the parlor window, once in a while—but when the organ-grinders come to keep gorilias!

THE RECRUIT'S CATECHISM.

Q. How would you form your men to meet the enemy?

A. On the square.

Q. What, in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?

A. Running.

Q. What time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?

A. Time of Peace.

Q. How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?

A. Annex 'em.

Q. What would you use for breaking the ranks of the enemy?

A. Mortars.

Q. How would you measure firearms?

A. By the barrel.

Q. At the close of the engagement, if the enemy asked you to treat, what would you do?

A. Make him stand the shot.

Q. What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?

A. The enemy.

Q. If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?

A. I should think those in tent were mutinous.

Q. What would you do if the enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat was cut off?

A. Fight like thunder.

A LEGEND OF NORWAY.

Near the village of Sand, in Norway, lived an old woman who was constantly rowing about in the Fiord in search of her husband, who had been drowned. She rowed her boat around the same circle, never deserting the spot, but whistling and chanting by turns; her face turned in one direction that she might watch the surface of the water. One morning the poor fisherman plunged into the element that had been his sole sustaining friend from youth to bathe, and before scarce fifteen minutes had elapsed, surrounded by a shoal of mackerel, and in sight of her who had made home pleasant, was devoured by these ravenous fish. When he raised his arm out of the water to show the dreadful fate that threatened him, and to arouse the alarm of his unconscious wife, a hundred mackerel hung like plummets from the flesh. The fisherman sank, and was never seen or heard of more. From that morning until to-day, his widow, having lost her reason, ever rows her husband's boat about the spot where he perished, in full persuasion that he has gone to seek a sunken net, and in a little while will emerge again; and so she prays the crew of every vessel sailing by to stay and see the truth of what she relates.—*W. A. Ross.*

A SWISS SUNDAY.—An American writing from Switzerland, says:—It seems to me that a Sunday is here considered sacred in proportion to the amount of amusement that can be crowded into it. The "American manner" of keeping the Sabbath is a matter of wonder to the Swiss. I have often heard them commiserate the American Minister, Theodore S. Fay, whose reputation is broadspread over the land as a consistent observer of the Sabbath, on his "mournful Sundays," as they are pleased to term it, "devoid of pleasure." Their sympathy, however, does not interfere with the profound respect with which they regard him, and his newly appointed successor must be a very superior and winning person in order to fill his place in the heart of Switzerland.

☞ FRENCH PRAYERS.—During the long war, two old ladies in Stranraer were going to the kirk; the one said to the other: "Was it na a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle?" "Not a bit," said the old lady, "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'n into battle?" The other replied:—"But canna the French say their prayers as weel?" The reply was most characteristic: "Hoot! jabbering bodies, wha could *understan'* them?"

☞ Many are saved by the deficiency of their memory from being spoiled by their education; for those who have no extraordinary memory are driven to supply its defects by thinking.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Bury me in the morning, mother,
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear;
And you will be here alone, mother,
And the stars will be shining here;
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of a Saviour's love, mother,
I feel it is in my heart;
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark,
And Heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

TARGET PRACTICE.—The curvature of the earth, or depression at any given point with reference to the horizon of another given place as a starting point, increases as the squares of the distances from the starting point. The curvature at the end of one mile is 8 inches *very nearly*. Then the depression at different distances will be as follows:—

At 1 mile it will be	8 inches or	⅔ feet		
At 2 miles it will be	32	"	2⅔	"
At 3 miles it will be	72	"	6	"
At 4 miles it will be	128	"	10⅔	"
At 5 miles it will be	200	"	16⅔	"
At 6 miles it will be	288	"	16⅔	"

And so on, increasing in proportion to the squares of the distances.—*Scientific American.*

☞ "I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," was the reply, "nothing just about here; but the schoolmaster is down the hill yonder—you can pop him over."

Useful Receipts.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. When cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOOD SOAP FOR $1.30.—Take 6 lbs. of potash, 75 cts.; 4 lbs. of lard, 50 cts.; a quarter of a pound of resin, 5 cts. Beat up the resin, mix all together well, and set aside for five days; then put the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time you have 100 lbs. excellent soap.

CANARY BIRDS.—Having had much trouble in protecting canary birds from the attacks of the insects that infect them and the cages, I learned the following simple method of destroying these pests, which will no doubt be a useful piece of information to many of your readers. By placing every night over the cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and in the morning may be seen by carefully examining the cloth. They may thus be soon removed, and then all that is necessary is to thoroughly clean and varnish the cage.

WEEDS IN WATER.—The weeds in ornamental waters may be destroyed by throwing in, from time to time, large quantities of bay salt. This plan will prevent the water from growing putrid, and destroy the growth of the weeds. Advantage would result if we watered our streets with common salt dissolved in the water. The dust would be better laid, and remain much longer wet, (from three to four hours,) than where plain water is used. Moreover, sea-water, or a solution of common salt in water, absorbs rapidly carbonic acid gas.

Agricultural.

AN OLD HORSE—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

A correspondent wants to know what he shall do with an old horse. "What will he do with it, that is the question." "Not a very bad horse either," he says, "but a slow walker, has a swelled leg, and is getting old." Five dollars, as the auctioneer would say, is all he has offered for this fine large horse! He would be worth more than this to sell his hide, and convert carcass and bones into manure, but it would not be kind to kill old sorrel and devote him to so ignominious a purpose. He is altogether as decent and clean an animal as an ox, yet he cannot be sold for beef this side of Paris, while an ox of his weight would be worth forty or fifty dollars in our market. All we can do is to present the matter to our readers, not "to adorn a tale," for old sorrel is not an ornamental horse, but "to point a moral."

We say, shun an old horse. Sell him before he gets old to some poor fellow who does not take the American Farmer, and let him grow old on his hands. In our own experience we have purchased mules at two years old, and after working them six to eight years sold them generally for about their first cost. But what is better than this, have less horses and more oxen. Get in the way of using oxen for many more purposes than at present. When well trained they are much better adapted than is generally supposed to all the various purposes of farm labor. They are cheaper in first cost, more economically fed, and worth much more when past use.

Again, good-sized cows may be made to do much work if trained to it. Our agricultural friend, Mr. Calvert, when he kept a large herd of cows, was, we know, in the habit of using cows as oxen, and was well pleased with their work. In a late number of the Country Gentleman, Mr. Lewis Baily, of Fairfax county, Va., says:

"For the last ten years I have used my cows for sawing all my fire-wood, cutting hay, straw and stalks, and considerable thrashing. I keep two or three pairs of cows broke to the yoke, which are always ready to help along when we want more team. They haul out most of my manure, and do most of my carting. With some additional food when at work I believe they give as much milk as when not worked."

Let every calf, male or female, be haltered and handled from the beginning, and they will be as docile as dogs, and save all trouble in breaking to the yoke.—*American Farmer.*

HAY MAKING.

The Ohio Farmer gives the following directions for making hay, the season for which is now at hand:—

"Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee maker would say, 'Don't burn your coffee, but brown it;' so say we, don't dry your hay, but cure it.' Our good old mothers, who relied upon herb tea instead of 'pothecary medicine,' gathered their herbs when in blossom, and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making good hay. Cut in the blossom, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant when it is in blossom is in the stalk, ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier the sugar is not there; if later, the sugar has become converted to woody matter. Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it into the barn, there be danger of 'heating the mow,' put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less. Heat, light and dry winds will soon take the starch and sugar, which constitute the goodness of hay, out of it, and with the addition of showers, render it almost worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunshine is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If ever cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter. The true art of hay making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre, and curing it up to the point when it will answer to put it into the barn without heating, and no more.

SEX IN EGGS.—A correspondent of the London Field, talking on this subject, says: "In all eggs, whether of poultry or pigeons, there is to be found an indentation resembling the dimple in the chin often to be found in our own sex, in the round end of the egg. This mark will always be found directly on the top or to the one side of the egg. If the breeder wishes to select eggs for hatching cock birds, let him pick those having the dimple immediately on the top of the egg: and if for hens, let him choose those eggs with the dimple to the one side. I have been assured by those who have observed this peculiarity in the marking of eggs that no better method can be adopted to insure a hatch of the sex most to be desired. The process is at least a simple and cheap one, and I offer my information as I have it."

WEATHER-PROOF NAILS. — Everybody knows what a difficult thing it is to nail roof boards and weather boards so that they will hold for a good length of time. There are many other places in which it is nearly impossible to make nails do the office for which they are intended.

A remedy—and the only one I ever saw—I discovered a few years ago; it is very simple, and never fails.

Take ten-penny, malleable nails, and place the head in a vice; take a pair of pincers and grip the nail near the point, twist it half way round, minding to make the twist somewhat elongated. In driving, the nail becomes a screw, and neither sun nor hammer can withdraw it.—*Field Notes.*

The Riddler.

RYTHMICAL ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 14, 5, 24, 20, is a very precious stone.
My 2, 13, 21, is useful you will own.
My 3, 17, 7, 22, is used to run a mill.
My 4, 14, 2, is good, cooked as you will.
My 5, 18, 8, 2, 20, 15, you would not care to meet.
My 6, 16, 13, is a beverage hard to beat.
My 7, 17, 3, 24, you would not wish to drive.
My 8, 15, 4, against which you must strive.
My 9, 13, 23, 18, I'll acknowledge is not sweet.
My 10, 4, 5, 21, 9, makes the loaf complete.
My 11, 19, 13, is a female name.
My 12, 5, 2, 16, is worthy of his fame.
My 13, 17, 23, 5, 15, 13, 18, is a mountain of renown.
My 14, 3, 13, 21, 21, is scarce within a town.
My 15, 4, 21, 24, in music you will find.
My 16, 5, 3, is useful to mankind.
My 17, 7, 11, 14, 5, 15, is enjoyed by not a few.
My 18, 23, 17, 19, 4, the merchant loves to view.
My 19, 8, 14, is the lot of some on earth.
My 20, 5, 12, 16, some inherit at their birth.
My 21, 24, 3, 16, 20, 9, is found in every city.
My 22, 10, 4, to lose would be a pity.
My 23, 16, 22, 19, grows by the river side.
My 24, 10, 3, 20, was a city noted wide.
My whole is a proverb.

WILL WINDSOR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Tis night, and on the battle ground,
The soldiers are at rest;
No noise is heard, where once the sound
Of war was unsuppressed.

The sentinels on duty stand,
Their watchfulness is gone;
This secret soon my first has scanned,
And then comes boldly on.

His task accomplished, back again
With careful steps he walks,
Around him stand a group of men
To listen as he talks.

They all agree that he was brave,
Earning a meed of praise;
And when my second to him they gave,
They wished him length of days.

For they are merry at the news
Which by my first was brought,
And then my second they're apt to use,
Like men who've bled and fought.

Generals and captains use my whole,
It tells them how to act;
And often gives them a new role
In which to show their tact.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A mountain in Asia.
A country in Asia.
A strait in Europe.
An oasis in Africa.
A county in Kentucky.
A town near the mouth of the Danube.
A city in New York.
A group of islands near Europe.
A sea in Asia.

My initials form a city in Europe, and finals place of situation.

F. R. W.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to know the side of an equilateral triangle, inscribed in a circle whose diameter is 125 yards?

A. S. STUVER.

Western Star, Ohio.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A whimsical old gentleman having 8 children, and owning 4 sections of land in a square, gave to each child a square tract, separated by equally intervening spaces, and all situate on the section lines, and required each owner to enclose his land. Wishing to have all the land enclosed, he found it necessary himself to build 76 rods of fence on each side of the 4 sections, that is 304 rods in all. How much land then did he give to each, how far apart are the centres of the different tracts, and how far are the different centres from the centre of the 4 sections?

OLIVER S. HARRIS.

Pocahontas High School, Mo.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are new hats like some persons after dinner? Ans.—They are nappy.

☞ Why does the presence of a baby in a household liken domestic existence to a life on the ocean wave? Ans.—Because, though you may love to have it calm, 'tis well to be prepared for squalls.

☞ Why is a peddler like an old English baron? Ans.—He is addicted to hawking.

☞ Why is a rhinoceros after swallowing a tiger-cat, like a Roman swordsman? Ans.—Because he is glad-he-ate-her.

☞ What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Ans.—Parents.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Sir William Wallace. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—William Cullen Bryant. RIDDLE—E. Ellsworth. CHARADE—Apollo. (A-poll-o.) DOUBLE REBUS—Sennaar. (Seminoles, Erie, Nankin, Neologian, Andalusia, Asphyxia, Rochester.)

Answer to Question, published June 1st, 30 acres will pasture 108 sheep 50 weeks. R. Barto, Schuylkill county, Pa., and T. W. S., Tullytown, Penna.

Answer to Problem by Artemas Martin, published June 8th. Height of eagle 29679.484 feet. Curve described by its fall—Parabola. N. P. Blakeslee.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A lady was in front of her lawn with the children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course she fainted after it was all right.